

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1048

DECEMBER 28, 1889

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1889

WITH TWO
SUPPLEMENTS [PRICE NINEPENCE
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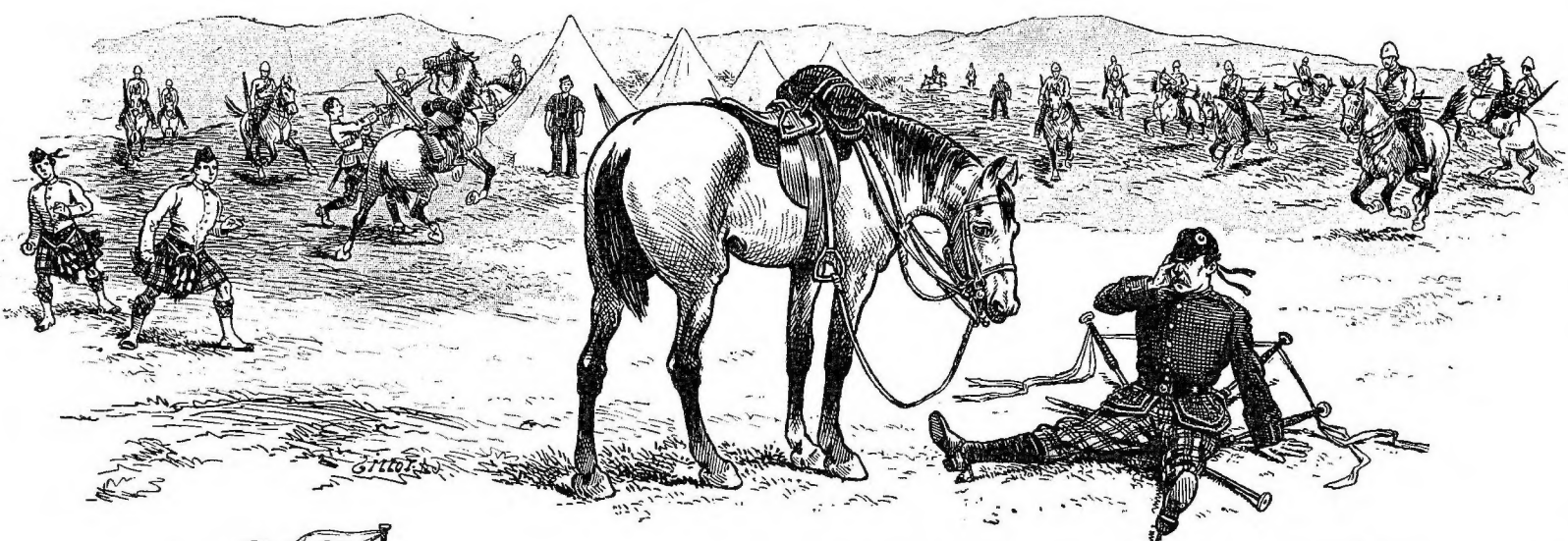
"Quiet! He's as quiet as a thousand lambs"



But, C'est le premier skirl



Qui Cou'e



Nevertheless, he really was quiet—and, when he understood it was meant for music,



Appeared even to enjoy it

MOUNTED PIPERS FOR THE HIGHLAND REGIMENTS—WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN AT THE FIRST PARADE
AN IMAGINARY SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST

TO OUR READERS

ON Saturday next the first number of *The Daily Graphic* will be published. It is only fair to you, our constant friends for twenty years, to say that such a feat would be impossible but for your continuous sympathy and support of the parent paper. The widespread interest and even enthusiasm which our announcement has caused has been extraordinary; and we hope that we shall not disappoint such great expectations. In any case, we will do our best to merit your good wishes, and we believe that, without displacing any of your well-deserved daily favourites, we can be an illustrated companion to all. The literary matter will be written by the best authors and persons of influence who can possibly be obtained. And, as regards the illustrations, where we had the support of one clever artist for *The Graphic* in 1869 we can certainly reckon now upon four times that number; and although their pictures will necessarily be small, the talent of a work does not depend upon size, as the great French painter, Meissonier, has long since proved.



IRISH AGITATORS AND THEIR GRIEVANCES.—One of the most noteworthy characteristics of the modern Irish agitator is his extreme reverence for the law when it can be used as an instrument for putting money into his pocket. In newspapers and speeches he does not scruple to use language of the most inflammatory and vituperative character, abounding also with reckless distortions of fact; but if anybody on the opposite side in politics ventures to hint that such words are liable to be translated by ignorant or excitable hearers or listeners into violent and brutal deeds, straightway the gallant agitator—if he thinks he has the least chance of getting a verdict, or in any case for the sake of notoriety—brings an action for damages. A number of such cases have been tried during the last few years, and only the other day a complaisant jury awarded 1,000*l.* to Mr. Matthew Harris, because a newspaper, by omitting the important little word “not,” called him an Invincible, the intention being to say that he was *not* an Invincible. Still more significant is the action brought by Mr. W. O’Brien against Lord Salisbury, who charged him with using language calculated to excite to violence. The cause was tried at Manchester, when the jury gave a verdict for the defendant. The plaintiff having appealed for a new trial, his demand has just been rejected by Justices Field and Manisty, in an elaborate judgment occupying three columns of the *Times*. Even now it is quite likely that Mr. O’Brien may be dissatisfied with this decision, and may carry the case to a higher Court. We venture to think that the history of this case shows that the law of libel needs considerable extension in one direction, and some restriction in another. The law is most solicitous in its protection of the reputation of individuals, though they often are undeserving of such protection, and many of the verdicts given in libel cases may be legally, but are certainly not morally, justifiable. If, however, it is wrong to defame the character of an individual, who very rarely suffers any tangible injury from such attacks, is it not far more heinous to traduce the reputation of whole classes of persons—land-grabbers and emergency-men, for example—with the result that they are held up as objects of general detestation, boycotted, maltreated, and sometimes assassinated? In any country where less sentimental nonsense prevailed about the freedom of public speech, the authorities would make short work of newspaper-writers and orators who not only hold the Government up to hatred and contempt, but endanger the well-being of persons whom the said authorities are bound to protect.

REPUBLICANISM IN PORTUGAL.—There seems to be little doubt that the extraordinary policy which Portugal has been pursuing in Africa has not been undertaken simply in the hope that new territory may be acquired. For some years there has been a strong current of Republican feeling among the Portuguese. They have not been commercially prosperous, and they are painfully conscious that their country takes anything but a lofty place even among the small nations of Europe. Looking about for the causes of this state of things, many of them have arrived at the conclusion that the Monarchy is at the root of the evils of which they complain; and their desire to get rid of it has of course been strengthened by recent events in Brazil. The ruling classes are well aware that discontent is prevalent, and the Government appear to have thought that the best way of allaying it would be to concentrate public attention on stirring incidents in Africa. A more perilous game it would hardly be possible for a Government to play. No doubt, if Portugal succeeded in getting what she demands, there might be some chance of a revival of loyalty to the Crown; for the Portuguese, with all their good qualities, are one of the vainest peoples in the world, and it would delight them to feel that they had triumphantly defied England, and laid the foundations of a mighty Empire reaching across the Dark Continent from sea to sea. But suppose the scheme fails—what then? And it is certain to fail. Portugal cannot be allowed to lay violent hands on territory which has been

placed under the protection of the British flag, nor can she be permitted to set up in lands to which she has no claim a system of government that would most seriously impede the development of our South African colonies. This is beginning to be seen at Lisbon, and very soon it will be clearly understood all over Portugal. Probably the Government may then have some doubt whether it was wise to try to overcome Republican sentiment by an attempt to injure the interests of a Great Power. Republicanism, if strong now, will become much more powerful when the people realise that an aggressive policy, instead of being of advantage to their country, has only made it look extremely foolish.

STANLEY AND BARTTELOT.—Any imputation of remissness which may have seemed to have rested on the memory of poor Major Barttelot is now happily removed. Mr. Stanley's letter from Msala'a shows conclusively that the sole reason why his gallant assistant did not follow him was the want of transport for the stores and ammunition which were left at the Yambula camp. The instructions given to Major Barttelot on that head practically left him no choice but to postpone his march until the 800 porters promised by Tippoo Tib joined him. He was specially impressed by his leader with the supreme importance of taking good care of the stores. Without them, the expedition would be ruined; it would be better, he was instructed, to make double marches than to throw too many things away. It may prevent misunderstanding, perhaps, to mention that Mr. Stanley uses the term “double march” in the sense of going over the same ground twice, thus doubling, as it were, the available transport, and not in the military sense of two marches thrown into one. That Major Barttelot was most anxious to get away from Yambula as quickly as might be is proved by the conversation which took place between him and Mr. Stanley just before the latter's start for Wadelai. It was fate, in the person of Tippoo Tib, that prevented the accomplishment of the project: in spite of the most urgent requests from Major Barttelot, the wily Arab did not send a single porter to Yambula for some months. In the mean time, the force there had been half-destroyed and wholly demoralised by disease, while the porters at last sent by Tippoo Tib belonged to a tribe notorious for ferocity, thievishness, treachery, and all manner of evil qualities. Resolved to do his duty even with such untrustworthy auxiliaries, Major Barttelot set forth to carry succour to the advanced party, and in that endeavour met his death at the hands of the men for whom he had waited so long.

THE GAS WORKERS.—The demonstration at Sunday's meeting in Hyde Park made up for the paucity of numbers by the violence of the language used. Some allowance may be made on account of the disappointment felt by the propagators of the strike. They have the double bitterness of knowing that their schemes have failed, that South London is not in darkness, and that the workmen who discharged themselves now curse the mischievous advisers who bade them quit their employment. But such threats as were used about Mr. Livesey ought not to be tolerated. The words in question conveyed an incentive to murder, and as they were uttered in England, and not in Ireland (where talk of this sort is so common that no one troubles to object to it), the speaker may perhaps be judicially called to account for what he said. It is difficult to believe, after the South London failure, that an attempt is to be made to bring a plague of darkness on the North. All we can say is that, if the stokers in the employ of the Gas Light and Coke Company, after the dismal *fiasco* of their brethren on the Surrey side, choose to follow their example, they are greater fools than we take them for. If, after such a lesson as has been read by the South Metropolitan Company, they still elect to go out, they will meet with scant sympathy from the public. The public can be soft-hearted on occasion, but touch its pocket or its comfort, and it becomes as hard as nails. Our own hope is that recent events will teach workmen generally to shake off Trades Union tyranny—a far more merciless and grinding tyranny than that of any number of bloated capitalists. On such vital subjects as these we recommend workmen to consult their wives, or their mothers, or their sisters. For plain common sense we will back the ladies against the whole *posse* of Unionist busy-bodies.

FRENCH CONSERVATIVES.—The so-called Conservatives of France have evidently been deeply discouraged by the results of the General Election. The other day a meeting of Conservative deputies was summoned with a view to the formation of a group like that of the “Union of the Right” of the last Legislature. Only twenty-seven members attended the meeting. This, we may hope, means that many Royalists and Imperialists have begun to doubt whether it would be wise for them to maintain their attitude of hostility to the Republic. So long as they had a chance of overthrowing Republican institutions, it was natural that they should do everything in their power to discredit their opponents. But events have proved that for the present they have no such chance. The Republic has committed too many mistakes to excite much enthusiasm; nevertheless, it has been clearly shown that the Republican form of Government is the one which, upon the whole, commends itself

most strongly to the judgment of France. It is felt that, whatever may be the defects of the existing system, any other system would be attended by more serious disadvantages. The Royalists and Imperialists, therefore, in carrying on their old policy, would be striving to advance against wind and tide, and—looking at the matter from their own point of view—would do far more harm than good. The majority of the Republicans are men of moderate opinions, and would prefer, if they could, to pass only tolerant and conciliatory measures. Hampered as they have hitherto been by the resolute opposition of the Right, they have often had no alternative but to bid for the support of the Extreme Radicals; and thus many things have been done which have not been in accordance with the central movements of national opinion. If the Royalists and Imperialists would cease to work for unattainable schemes, and endeavour with all their might to make the best of the opportunities within their reach, a new era in French history would begin. The nation would advance by steps which, if slow, would be sure, and would gradually recover the influence in Europe which it has lost by the blunders of the last twenty years.

AFGHANISTAN AND RUSSIA.—It is not glad tidings to learn, just at the beginning of a new year, that the Afghan frontier question bids fair to be re-opened before long. The Delimitation Commissioners were believed to have so effectively defined the boundary, that neither Afghanistan nor Russia could ever again misconceive the extent of their respective possessions. It now appears, unfortunately, that although the Commissioners did their work thoroughly enough, their survey was too limited in scope to cover the whole frontier. There is a certain petty Khanate, called Darvag, which has been under the sway of Bokhara for some thirteen years. The southern boundary was always understood to be the Amu-Darya, but a Russian explorer has just discovered that the line should be drawn further south—that is, through territory claimed by Afghanistan. This may appear to be a very small matter on the surface, but so did the Russian advance to Penjdeh until that collision took place which very nearly caused war between England and Russia. Bokhara, the owner of Darvag, is to all intents and purposes a Russian province. The Ameer is only allowed to exercise authority on the distinct understanding that he takes his orders from St. Petersburg. Should he, therefore, lay claim to the Darvag territory, which the Afghans hold, it may be accepted as a sign that another Russian aggression is about to be attempted; and, in that case, England's close relations—growing closer every year—with the Court of Cabul would compel her interference. It would seem advisable, therefore, to face the complication at once, if need be by the appointment of another Commission to complete the delimitation. In these cases, delay is most dangerous; had timely measures been adopted, the Penjdeh “incident” might never have occurred.

DR. LIGHTFOOT.—The late Bishop of Durham was one of the most learned men on the Bench, and was a worthy successor of that famous occupant of the same See during the last century, Joseph Butler. Of late years the learned Bishop has become a rare phenomenon. Men are selected for the Episcopal office chiefly because of their energy and practical usefulness; and it must be admitted that nowadays, what with the awakened activity of the Church of England, and the frequent alleged infringements of the Church's doctrine as officially defined, to say nothing of the enormous correspondence with which the penny post has burdened us, the post of a conscientious Bishop is no sinecure. Dr. Lightfoot attended diligently to the duties of his Diocese, but he will chiefly be remembered hereafter as a great theologian, and in a field wherein such work is especially needed at a period of scepticism and agnosticism, namely, by his careful investigation of the claims of the books of the New Testament to be both genuine and authentic. As Dr. Liddon said of him in his sermon at St. Paul's on Sunday: “He was the leader of a band of Cambridge scholars who have rolled back an assault upon the New Testament more formidable, in many respects, than any to which the title-deeds of our holy religion have been exposed since the first age of Christianity.” Here we may venture on a practical suggestion. These works, praised by scholars and theologians, have hitherto been chiefly read by scholars and theologians. Would it not be possible to present the essence of Dr. Lightfoot's investigations in a form so cheap as to be accessible to the general public? Freethinkers, at all events, act on this principle. Renan's “Life of Jesus” and “The Apostles” may be bought for 9*d.*

HOME RULE IN BOHEMIA.—The Irish Nationalists are not the only politicians in Europe who cause disturbance by a demand for Home Rule. The Czechs of Bohemia are at least as troublesome to the Austrian Government as the Parnellites are to the Government of the United Kingdom. They insist that the Emperor ought to be crowned at Prague as King of Bohemia, but that is by no means all that they claim. The ceremony of Coronation is demanded simply because the Czechs believe that it would be the precursor of far more important concessions. Like the other Cis-leithan provinces, Bohemia has already a large measure of Home Rule. She has her own Diet, by which all purely local



"THE INTRODUCTION"

FROM THE PAINTING BY HERBERT SCHMALZ

The "Graphic" has, with Pen and Pencil, it appears, Made friends the wide world o'er now nearly twenty years!

Its Birth seems yesterday—two decades soon are new;
Twill hold its own, we trust, for many decades more!
Behold its Child—Time flies!—a sturdy infant too,

Who fain would run alone, and pants for pastures new;
Who wishes wider fields, who longs for latest news,
For telegrams as well as instantaneous views.

A daring Child! Let's hope this "Daily Graphic" may,
Be, with its Pen and Pencil, graphic day by day!
J. ANSON-STERRY.

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our history, the Tudor age is the one to which the English people look back with most pride. The Tudors were wilful and arrogant, and by their despotic policy sowed seeds which sprang up in too abundant a harvest in the troubles of the Stuart dynasty. But they had a touch of greatness which enabled them to maintain to the end their vigorous hold over the nation. Under them England advanced to the front rank among the nations of the world. During that splendid era there seemed to be in the air some mysterious influence that favoured the growth of heroic impulse. Great mariners made the name of England famous in the most distant parts of the globe. Far-reaching measures relating both to Church and State were fearlessly adopted. Spain, making a last gigantic effort to crush the spiritual forces of the new time, was thwarted and humiliated. And all that was best and loftiest in the national life found expression in the achievements of a group of poets, among whom was the foremost man of genius whom the world has produced. It would be strange if a collection of objects which have come down to us from such a period as this did not excite more than ordinary interest. An important part of the period will, of course, be represented by some of the masterpieces of Holbein; and others, besides historical students will be glad to have an opportunity of seeing a series of works by so splendid an artist. We hope that admission on special terms will be granted to classes of boys and girls under competent guidance. A glimpse of such an Exhibition would give them a more vivid idea of the Tudor period than any number of formal lessons or lectures.

THE CHINA FAMINE RELIEF FUND.—Somewhat tardily, the Emperor of China has been pleased to give expression to his gratitude for the very substantial assistance which England sent to his starving subjects. With a few scrawls of the august vermilion pencil, he directs the Yamèn of Foreign Affairs to see to the matter. But it would almost appear as if England might have gone begging for thanks for her benevolence, had not the Viceroy of Nanking jogged His Celestial Majesty's memory. Perhaps it would not have mattered much had the vermilion pencil remained in repose. England aimed at two objects in starting the Relief Fund. Her humanity could not look on unmoved at the terrible spectacle of millions of Chinese suddenly reduced to starvation through no fault of her own. Even if she could not save all, she could save some, and she did so, although her own towns were by no means devoid of hungry people. The subsidiary motive was to strengthen the ties, political and commercial, between China and England. Shrewd observers believe that the Celestial Empire is destined to play an almost omnipotent part in Asia. Should a struggle for mastery ever break out between England and Russia, the ruler of China would practically hold command of the situation, by reason of the enormous value of his alliance. That, however, is looking forward rather far; nearer at hand is the growing probability that China, throwing aside her prejudices, will embark largely in railway construction for the development of her resources. As she would have to obtain the plant from Europe, our commercial interests are concerned in cultivating the good will of the mandarins in all possible ways. And if the thousands subscribed to the relief fund effect that object, we shall get splendid interest on the investment, commercially as well as politically.

NOTICE.—With this Number are issued Two EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS, "THE INTRODUCTION," from the painting by Herbert Schmalz, and "AN OLD FASHIONED CHRISTMAS," printed in Colours.

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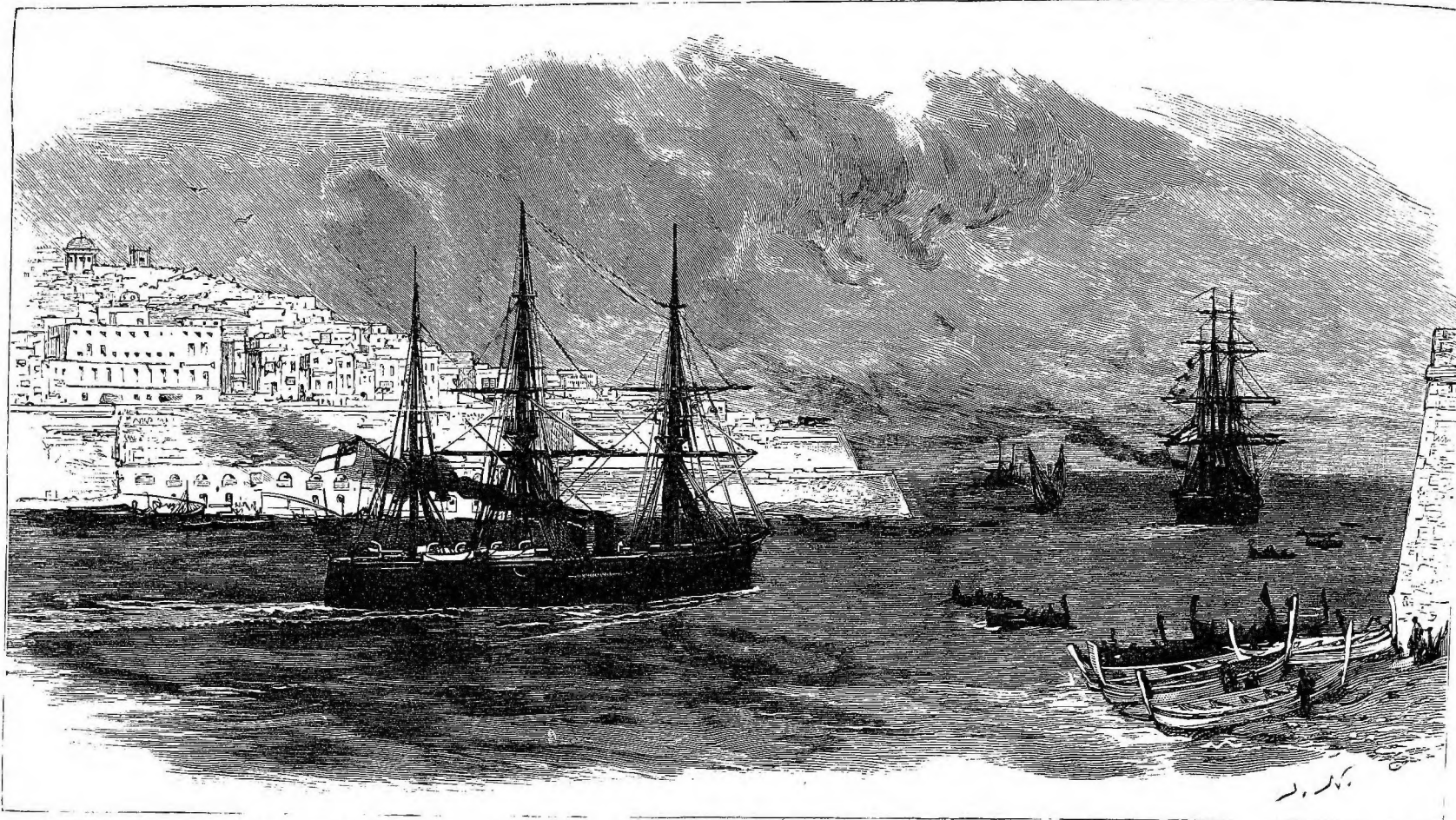
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affairs are settled. But the Diet works under the control of the Reichsrath or Imperial Parliament, and any extreme measure it might pass would certainly not be allowed to become law. The Czechs do not like this check on their freedom, and ask that their Diet may be made as independent as the Hungarian Parliament. If that request were granted, Bohemia would be connected with the rest of the Monarchy only by the fact of its being subject to the Crown, and by its obligation to contribute to the Imperial military system. For some time it seemed not improbable that the Czech claim would be granted. Count Taaffe, the Austrian Prime Minister (who, by the way, is of Irish descent), has a strong leaning to the Home Rule principle, and some months ago he appointed as Governor of Bohemia a politician in whom the Czechs had the fullest confidence. Now, however, he has drawn back. He has formally declared that it is not his intention to propose either the Coronation of Francis Joseph as King of Bohemia or any essential change in the Austrian Constitution. It is supposed that this decision is due to the intervention of the Emperor himself, and there can be no doubt as to its wisdom. The Czechs form about two-thirds of the population of Bohemia, and it is certain that, if the Bohemian Diet could do as it pleased, they, as the majority, would contrive to make life extremely unpleasant to their German fellow-subjects, of whom they are intensely jealous. Thus bitter strife would have become inevitable, and that could not but tend to undermine the strength of the entire Monarchy.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS CAMP.—All will wish well to the projected Annual Camp for Volunteer Cadets belonging to our great Public Schools. These youthful warriors would learn more in one week at such a rendezvous of the real work of soldiering than they could acquire during the whole year at their respective schools. But there is a further and more important object than this. A great change has gradually taken place in the rank and file of the citizen army. At first, and for some time afterwards, it was largely recruited from what, in the political jargon of the day, is called "the classes." Young men of birth and position did not consider it derogatory to mix with Tom, Dick, and Harry as full privates in the great national army. This is no longer the case; in a few crack corps, that element still figures to some extent in the ranks, but, speaking generally, the Volunteer force is now almost entirely recruited from the toilers and spinners of society. That this change is deeply regrettable needs no argument; it deprives the Volunteers both of social prestige and of the completely representative character which they used to possess. Lord Wantage is right, therefore, in seeking to impress upon the younger generation of the well-to-do the duty of striving to give additional strength and permanence to the Volunteer organisation. He conceives that a Public Schools camp would, in some measure, conduce to that end, and, therefore, gives it his warm support. Whether success will crown the effort remains to be seen; it is not a happy omen that the University corps, which at one time gave promise of vigorous life, have fallen into a languishing condition. But if the experiment fails, other means must be tried, again and again, to secure that social fusion in the Volunteer ranks which would prevent the "masses" from imputing to the "classes" an unpatriotic shirking of the duties of good citizenship.

THE INFLUENZA.—Writers in the press have been wont to speak of this malady in rather a flippant fashion, but it should be remembered that when London was last visited by it some seven thousand persons died from its effects. Absolutely regarded, the number seems large, but relatively it was small, in consequence of the immense number of persons which it attacked. Such is the peculiarity of human nature, that it is much less afraid of a disease which fastens on nearly everybody, but only kills two per cent. of its victims, than of a disease which, though rare, is almost invariably fatal. Hydrophobia and influenza may be adduced as two typical instances of this curious inconsistency. Now that influenza has spread from Russia to nearly every Continental country, we can scarcely expect that "the silver streak" will give us immunity; it certainly did not do so on former occasions when influenza was epidemic throughout Europe, and, in fact, cases have already occurred at Birmingham and Dover. Thus far the intensity of the disease seems to vary in different countries. In Austria, Denmark, and Italy it is described as of a mild character; whereas in Berlin it presents symptoms analogous to those of typhus; and in France it has caused several deaths. Dr. Gautier, indeed, declares that it is not the old-fashioned influenza at all, but a variant from the tropical *dengue* or "break-bone" fever. We remember that in 1847 the use of the "tub" first became popular, because doctors recommended precautions which had a bracing tendency. The same advice may be repeated now, coupled with a moderate exhibition of that famous anti-febrile remedy, quinine.

THE TUDOR EXHIBITION.—Last winter a great many people in London were delighted by the Stuart Exhibition. Now an appeal is about to be made to the same class by means of a Tudor Exhibition. The experiment ought to be at least as successful as its predecessor, for, of all periods of



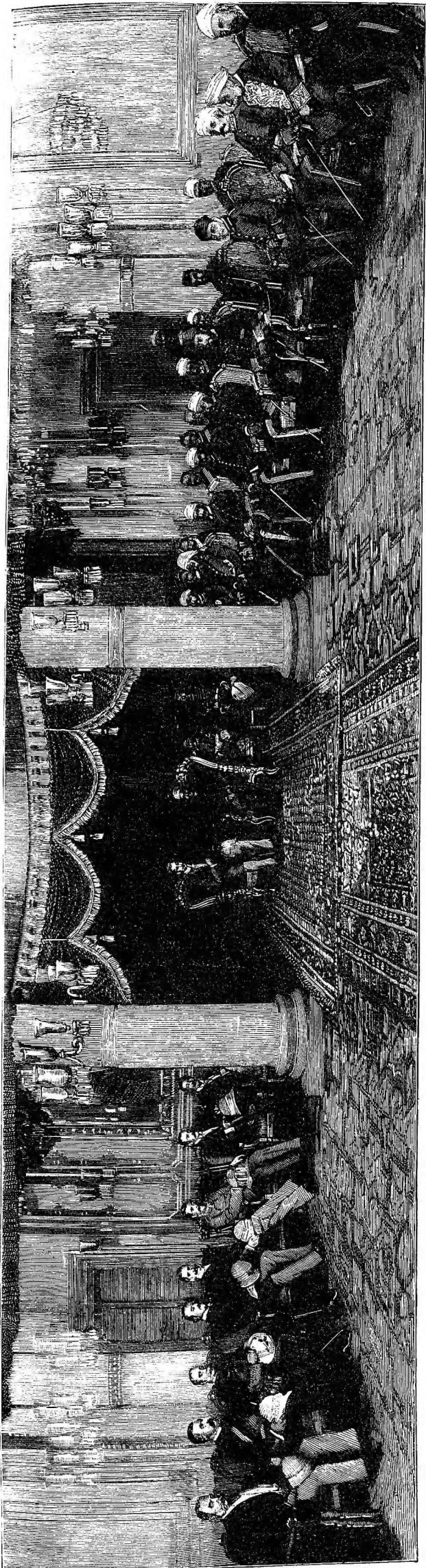
H.M.S. "SULTAN," ESCORTED BY THE "TÉMÉRAIRE," LEAVING MALTA FOR PORTSMOUTH
(On March 7th the "Sultan" struck upon a rock in the Mediterranean, off the Island of Comino, between Gozo and Malta, and sank. She was afterwards raised, towed to Malta, and patched up for the voyage to Portsmouth, where she is to undergo full repairs)



Floria Tosca (Mrs. Bernard-Beere)

Baron Scarpia Mr. J. Forbes Robertson

"LA TOSCA" AT THE GARRICK THEATRE
 THE SCENE BETWEEN LA TOSCA AND THE GOVERNOR OF ST. ANGELO, ACT III.



PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR IN INDIA—A DURBAR AT CHON MAHELA PALACE, HYDERABAD

ENGRAVED FROM AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AT HYDERABAD—THE DURBAR AT THE PALACE

WE gave some account last week of the Nizam's Palace, an immense building, or rather collection of buildings, situated in the fine street called "The Chawk." On passing under the entrance gateway the Prince and his party found themselves in a quadrangle about the size of Christ Church "Quad" in Oxford. Thence they passed into a second quadrangle, where there are to be found some two thousand

servants, horsemen, &c.; and thence into a third, which is as big as Lincoln's Inn Fields, and also crowded with attendants. The buildings surrounding these quadrangles are very handsome. Having reached the third quadrangle, the visitors dismounted from their elephants, and, escorted by a white-robed Chamberlain, were ushered into a richly-decorated pavilion, filled with courtiers. Here His Highness, the Nizam, received the Prince and his suite. The scene was an interesting one, and the spectacle was enhanced by the beautiful uniforms of the State officials. After a

brief conversation of a general character, the Nizam showed the Prince round the extensive stables attached to the Palace, and also displayed his magnificent collection of State jewels.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Lala Deen Dayal, of Indore and Secunderabad.

PRIZE-GIVING AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

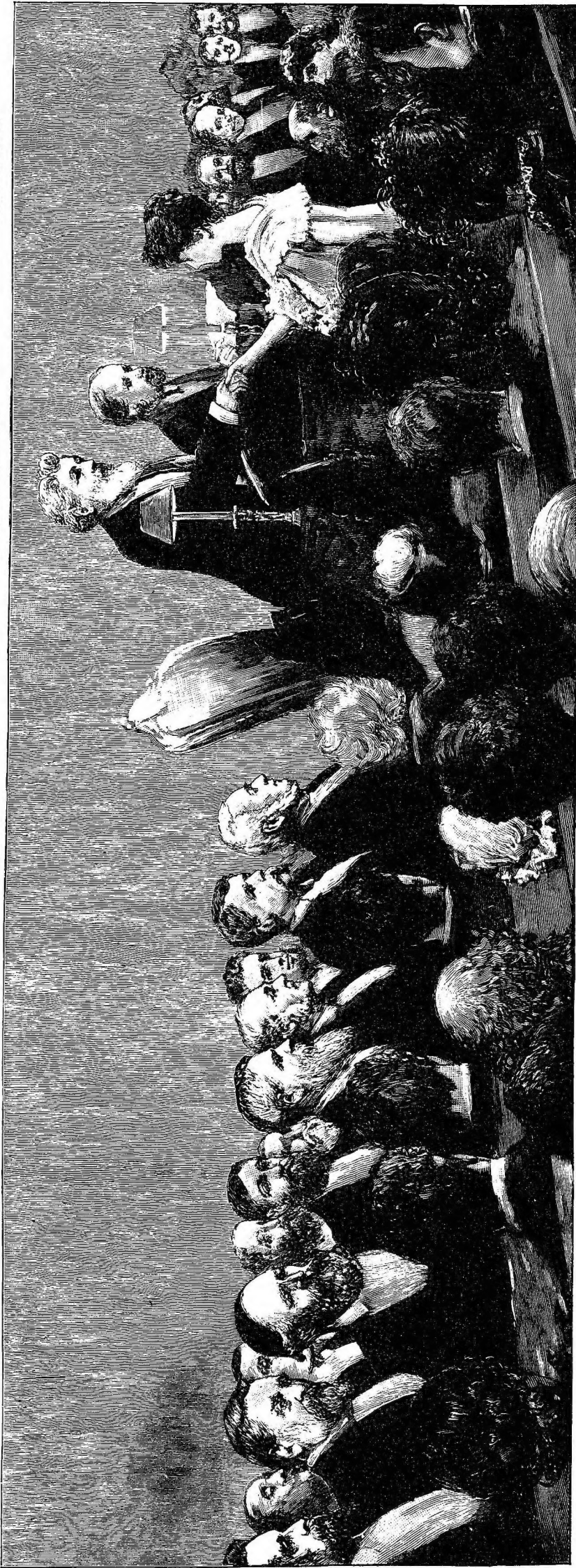
ON the evening of December 10th, Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., distributed the prizes to the successful students of

the Royal Academy Schools. There was a very large audience, among those present being Sir John Millais, Mr. Calderon, Mr. Briton Riviere, Mr. H. Herkomer, Mr. Alma Tadema, Mr. Vicat Cole, Mr. Seymour Lucas, and many other Academicians and Associates. After he had distributed the prizes, Sir Frederick Leighton proceeded to address the students on Spanish Art, which he treated with a breadth of view and copiousness that rendered his lecture fully as valuable to the elders who heard it as to the youngsters for whose benefit it was nominally composed.

C. B. Birch, A.R.A. C. W. Cove, R.A. G. D. Leslie, R.A. James Sant, R.A. Marcus Stone, R.A.

Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.

P. H. Calderon, R.A.



H. S. Marks, R.A.

W. F. Yeames, R.A. W. W. Unless, R.A.

J. C. Horsley, R.A.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES, BY SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, TO THE SUCCESSFUL STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY SCHOOLS

"Creswick" Prize taker



LYCEUM.—THE DEAD HEART.—A Story of the French Revolution.—Every Evening, at Eight o'clock. Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Stirling, Mr. Righton; Miss Phillips and Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily, 10 to 5. Seats can also be booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM

GLOBE THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. R. BENSON.—Mr. F. R. BENSON'S SHAKESPERIAN COMPANY Every Evening in Shakespeare's Fairy Comedy, with Mendelssohn's Incidental Music, A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Doors open at 7.30; commence at 8. Box-office open Daily from 10.0 to 5.0. MATINEES OF A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, Boxing Day, Thursday, December 26, Saturday, December 28, and every following Saturday until further notice. Doors open at 2.00, commence at 2.30. Children half-price to Stalls and Dress Circle to Matinees. Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. ALLAN.

BRITANNIA THEATRE.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING AT SEVEN, Grand Comic Pantomime, YE BOLD BAD BARON. By J. Addison. Superb Transformation Scene. Mrs. S. Lane and Mr. Walter Munroe. Misses Millie Howes, Edith French, Massey, Florentia; Messrs. Willie C. Aikies, W. Gardiner, G. Higwood, and Brilliant Company. Glorious Good Old-fashioned HARLEQUINADE by Dolly Rowella and his Troupe. Morning Performances every Monday and Thursday at 1.

A GRAND UNPARALLELED SUCCESS.
BARNUM'S CHRISTMAS PROGRAMME & SPLENDOURS
at OLYMPIA.

Novel and Brilliant Additions beginning Monday, December 23rd.
BARNUM'S GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH,

and
IMRE KIRALFY'S "NERO."
Twelve Stupendous Shows for One Price, Three Circuses, Two Stages, Hippodrome, Double Menagerie, Museum of Living Curiosities, Supernatural Illusions, Grand Horse Show, and the Grand Dramatic Spectacle of "Nero; or, the Destruction of Rome."

Daily Afternoon and Night Exhibitions.
Prices—1s., 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., 5s., 6s., 7s., 8s., 10s., 12s., 15s., 20s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 50s., 60s., 70s., 80s., 90s., 100s. Boxes, £2 2s., £3 3s.

Every Ticket secures a Reserved Seat.
NO EXTRA CHARGE WHATSOEVER.

Doors open at 12 noon and 6 p.m. Performances begin at 2 p.m. and 8 p.m.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S HOLIDAYS.—1889-90.
ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

NEWLY AND BEAUTIFULLY RE-DECORATED
By Mr. HERBERT HANKE, the Eminent Decorator, of 39, Berners Street.

INSTALLATION OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT
By the Acme Electric Works Company, of Ferdinand Street, N.W., and lighted from the new works of the Pall Mall Company.

These important alterations and improvements will render the
MOORE AND BURGESS HALL

one of the
MOST ELEGANT AND ALSO THE COOLEST AND MOST COMFORTABLE PLACES OF AMUSEMENT IN LONDON.

THE GRAND RE-OPENING PERFORMANCES
will be given by the

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
TO-MORROW (MONDAY, DECEMBER 30).

When the new and delightful Holiday Programme will be given in the
AFTERNOON AT THREE

and in the
EVENING AT EIGHT,

and continued
EVERY DAY AT THREE AND EIGHT

until the 20th of January.

Fauteuils 5s., Sofa Stalls 3s., Area 2s., gallery 1s. The Gallery Seats at this Hall are as comfortable as those of the Dress Circle Seats in the leading theatres; and now that the illumination of the Hall by gas has been abolished, the Gallery has been rendered delightfully cool and agreeable.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.

—THE VERGER, written by Walter F. Gray, music by King Hall; and an entirely new musical sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled "A FAMILY PARTY."

Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight; Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at Three. Stalls, 5s. and 3s. Admission 2s. and 1s. Stalls may be booked without fee by letter, telegram, or telephone (No. 3,846).—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place, W.

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SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Several
NEW AND CHOICE ETCHINGS,

For which subscribers' names are now being received, and which will be ready in time for delivery before Christmas, amongst which are included some of the choicest works of the most popular painters and etchers. Particulars on application

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40 and 41, Gracechurch Street, E.C.

Established over half a century.

Our Illustrations

A PIPER ON HORSEBACK

THIS page of engravings has been elaborated by our artist from the original sketch by Major-General Robley, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, when the D Company of the First Battalion of that regiment, being in South Africa, took over the horses and equipment of a mounted company. It was then that the incident (a unique one of its kind) occurred which suggested Major-General Robley's sketch. Piper Lowden trained his steed to carry him while he was playing; and he disposed the reins in such a skilful manner as would leave his hands free to play in a fashion that would please all Scotsmen born, let us say, north of the Caledonian Canal. Mr. Ralston, our artist, evidently thinks that Piper Lowden did not achieve perfection all at once, and therefore he shows us the earlier stages of the business, when at first the skirl of the pipes created as great a panic among the assembled gee-gees as would the war-whoop of an impi of Cetewayo's Zulus. Mr. Lowden was the first piper on record who played thus on horseback, and the D Company possess a picture of their New Year's dinner, in which he figures in this capacity.

DEPARTURE OF H.M.S. "SULTAN" FROM MALTA

THE *Sultan*, having been raised by a Genoese Salvage Company, and brought into Valetta Harbour in August last, was at once put into dock for temporary repair to enable her to return to England.

On examination it was found that serious damage was confined to the starboard side from about fifty feet from the stem to the quarter, and below her bilge keel. Her engines and boilers remained in good order, though the ship had been down over five months.

The damaged part has been sheathed with wood planking firmly secured to her bottom, and the ship is again perfectly seaworthy. She left for England on December 10th, escorted by the *Téméraire* as far as Gibraltar, from which place to England she was accompanied by the *Seahorse*. She arrived safely at Portsmouth on Monday.—Our engraving is from a sketch by a naval officer.

SAN CHRISTOVÃO

AND
SCENE FROM "LA TOSCA"

See page 779

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AT HYDERABAD

AND
PRIZE-GIVING AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

See page 777

SKETCHES IN THE LAW COURTS

See page 780

"THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

A NEW serial story by William Black, illustrated by William Small, is continued on page 781.

CHRISTMAS HAND-BELL RINGERS

ONE of the advantages of being in the country at the festive season is that it enables one to repel with scorn the accusation that England is not a musical country. In London we get the waits, it is true; but we do not get the hand-bell ringers. They are musical indeed. Unfortunately they are also often extravagant in their ideas of remuneration, and nearly always thirsty. The consequence is that, if your house happens to be the last on their beat, the proceedings may not be altogether harmonious. You offer them coffee; they demand strong waters: you over-pay them, and they grumble. Gradually they become mellow, and then they sing. That is worst of all, and you are sincerely glad to see the last of them, and to watch their devious course homeward over the snow.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Fred T. Jane, Up Ottery, Honiton, Devon.

FREE DINNERS TO POOR CHILDREN

THE subject of M. Renouard's sketch is the Children's Dinner Table at St. Philip's, Stepney. This is a small branch of the work there carried on by the Vicar, the Rev. Sidney Vatcher, and his wife. The dinner, which takes place three times a week, consists of meat, potatoes, pudding, and bread. The children are most carefully selected, and are limited in number. No charge is made; for, in Mr. Vatcher's opinion, nothing worth being called a dinner can be prepared for a penny, and the very fact of charging breaks down the safeguard of inquiry. At St. Philip's, the little guests are nearly all the children of widows, and were it not for St. Philip's kitchen, many of them would emerge from babyhood without having known even the taste of roast or boiled. The meal provided is to some extent an artistic feast, for the tables are covered with fresh white cloths and decorated with plants. It is an educating agent in other directions also, for clean faces and hands, well-brushed hair, and good behaviour are insisted upon.

"THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM"

AT this sacred season it is unnecessary to assume a critical attitude towards this picture. The subject is one that has been painted thousands of times before, and each artist has varied more or less in his interpretation. This frequency of selection attests the reverential and absorbing interest of the subject depicted. It is at once most simple and most sublime. A young child can appreciate the fact that God once came on earth in the likeness of a helpless little baby, and yet there is a mystery about the transaction which baffles the keenest intellect. We may fitly conclude with a stanza from Paul Gerhardt's well-known hymn:—

Home then, let us hasten yonder;
Here let all, great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder.
Love Him who with love is yearning;
Hail the Star, that from far
Bright with hope is burning.

MR. EDISON IN HIS LABORATORY

THE name of Edison has long been known to the British public, but this year it has become more familiar than ever before. The perfecting of the phonograph and the arrival in England of several finished instruments have enabled thousands to hear his voice; the admirable exhibition of his various inventions at the Paris Exhibition has familiarised those who visited it—and who did not?—with the wonderful products of his genius; and the visit of the inventor himself to Europe last autumn acquainted many with his personality, who formerly only knew him by repute. It is unnecessary here to recapitulate the oft-told story of the young inventor (he is only forty-two now, and but for his grey hair has a most boyish appearance), who from newsboy, printer, and telegraph operator, has developed into the greatest wonder-worker of the age. It was in 1876 that he took up his abode at Menlo Park, a place about twenty-five miles from New York. There he erected a most complete laboratory, fitted with every convenience which science could suggest, and wealth provide. He has surrounded himself with a most efficient staff of assistants, and in the course of the last thirteen years has produced an extraordinary succession of marvellous and useful inventions—of which we need only mention the telephone, the phonograph, and a number connected with the electric light. With regard to this last, it is worthy of note that Mr. Edison says, "There is no city so well-suited for electric lighting as London. You have a large area and a large population, and about the worst weather you can possibly have, so that electric lighting becomes a practical necessity."—Our engraving is from a photograph sent by Mr. Ernest G. Craven, 27, Walbrook, E.C.

"A MAKER OF ANCESTORS"

OUR friend Vandyke Brown, having spent much time and the whole of his little capital in studying the Old Masters with the view of becoming a great historical painter, finds that the public taste has changed, and that his Cavaliers and Roundheads will not sell at any price. But while discussing "Art" with Mrs. Cheddar Cheese (the wife of the retired provision merchant and millionaire, Cheddar Cheese, Esquire, of Cheshire House, Mayfair, and Cheddar Castle in the Midlands) a brilliant idea struck him: the Cheeses had just had their pedigree "made out" at the Herald's College, and Mrs. Cheese lamented that the family portraits (which her husband had purchased in Wardour Street) did not at all agree with the persons described on the family tree.

The idea which struck Mr. Brown was this—that a series of portraits should be painted after the manner of the celebrated Masters who flourished contemporaneously with the different ancestors named in the pedigree, but displaying the features of the present representative of the family.

Mrs. Cheese was delighted at the idea, and there and then gave him a spanking commission for the whole line of ancestors. Mr. Cheese was ordered to sit at once for Sir Ralph de Cheddar, the second and last Baronet, who fell at Marston Moor, and who was "the very wickedest" of the whole race.

Our illustration represents Mr. and Mrs. Cheese inspecting the portrait, and is from a drawing by Mr. Charles H. Marshall, The Avenue, East Retford, Notts.

"AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS"

THE story in this case is so fully explained by the sub-titles, that we need say no more, one critical remark excepted. Was ever such a lucky girl as Dulcie? She leaves Miss Straightback's a shy and awkward school-girl, so she tells us, the sly puss, but

Nephew Frank did not think so, and then that delightful General instead of exploding into wrath, blesses the union, and says she shall live with his family till Frank is ready for her. Truly the course of Dulcie's love runs as smoothly as the "skates" of that wonderful railway in Paris, which sped over a film of water.

THE QUEEN'S CHRISTMAS SIDEBOARD

THE centre of the sideboard bears the 312 lbs. weight of the celebrated baron of beef which is from a beast fed on the late Prince Consort's farm at Windsor. It is cooked in the kitchen of Windsor Castle, and sent on to Osborne. The date upon its back is an arrangement in horseradish. The baron is supported on either side by a large brawn and a woodcock pie. The fine will boar's head on the left is sent annually from Germany, and the large game pie on the right is from the *cuisine* of Windsor Castle.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Gustav Mullins, Regina House, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

THE ALEXANDRA HOUSE GYMNASIUM

OF late years the idea that violent exercise was not the right thing for young ladies has quite lost ground, and there are now few of our large towns which do not boast at least one gymnasium where girls can obtain instruction and practice. London has several, of which one of the most important is that at Alexandra House, Kensington Gore, which owes its existence to the liberality of Sir Francis Cook, Bart. The gymnasium is fitted up in a most complete way, with horizontal bars, climbing ropes, swings and trapezes, weights and wands, and the other necessary paraphernalia of gymnastics. Some time ago, Miss Stuart Snell, the Principal of the Gymnasium (the Lady Superintendent is Miss Palmer) had the honour of exhibiting her pupils' proficiency before the Princess of Wales and the young Princesses, and the drawing by Mr. T. Riley, from which our engraving is taken, has been presented to Her Royal Highness as a memento of her visit. There can be no doubt that such exercises (frequently accompanied by specially-composed music) do much for the grace as well as the strength of the rising female generation. In addition to the instruction of residents in Alexandra House, private classes are held on special days for private pupils, and are, we understand, greatly appreciated.

"THE INTRODUCTION"

THE "GRAPHIC" AND THE "DAILY GRAPHIC"

MR. HERBERT SCHMALZ's charming picture commemorates, in allegorical fashion, a very important event in the history of this journal. It is twenty years since *The Graphic* started into life, and by its rapid success caused such a revolution in the realms of illustrated journalism. And now, a blooming matron, *The Graphic* is introducing to the public her wonderful child, *The Daily Graphic*—the first serious attempt at a daily illustrated paper which has ever been made. Such full accounts of the new venture have appeared in the rest of the Press that we need not describe again the numberless experiments and the vast preparations necessary before the new journal, which makes its first regular appearance on Saturday, January 4th, could be successfully launched. It will be more to the purpose if we give some account of the gathering which, on Wednesday evening last week, assembled to inspect the appliances and machinery for producing *The Graphic* and *The Daily Graphic*. Commerce was there in the person of its foremost representative, Sir Henry Isaacs, Lord Mayor of London; Lord George Hamilton escaped for a moment from political cares; the Majesty of the Law was represented by Sir Richard Webster and Sir Edward Clarke; the Army by Colonel Howard Vincent, General Sir William Butler, and Major-General Sir Edmund Du Cane; the Church, by the Rev. Canon Gregory. Science sent Professor E. Ray Lankester, Professor Geikie, and Prince Kropotkin; while Art and Letters were represented by Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A., Mr. Val Prinsep, A.R.A., Mr. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., Mr. Gordon Thomson, Dr. Richard Garnett, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. M. H. Spielmann, Mr. John Lacey, jun., Mr. Arthur Locker, the Representatives of the principal London and Provincial Newspapers, and many other well-known artists and writers too numerous to mention in the space at our command. At eight o'clock Mr. W. L. Thomas and the other Directors of *The Graphic* received their guests at *The Graphic* Office. The company were then conducted over the offices, visiting in succession the Art Department, where a staff of artists are employed in drawing and sketching, for engraving and process work; the engraving-rooms; the colour-printing establishment, where "Jessica" was exhibited in all stages of development; the composing-room; stereotyping foundry; and machine-rooms. Thence an adjournment was made to the offices of the new paper in Milford House, Milford Lane, where the five great machines, three of English (Middleton's) manufacture, and two of French (Marinoni's), which will collectively produce *The Daily Graphic* at the rate of 50,000 perfected copies an hour, were shown in operation. Refreshments were served upstairs, and the company then assembled in the Wetting Room, in which the paper is damped for printing, to listen to a few brief impromptu speeches. Lord George Hamilton, commenting upon the remarkable success which *The Graphic* has attained, predicted an equally bright future for the new venture; the Lord Mayor, as representing the City, pointed out the value to the students of technology of the undertaking, and the large number of skilled artisans for whom it would furnish properly remunerated employment; and Sir Edward Clarke, after expressing his surprise that Press-men should care to listen to speeches, or barristers be willing to make them—without proper remuneration—declared his belief that *The Daily Graphic* would not only be a success, but a prompt success, and that, among other things, it would cause children to be as eager for their daily paper as their parents. Mr. W. L. Thomas, amidst enthusiastic applause, responded, mentioning some of the difficulties which had to be encountered, and saying in conclusion that all connected would do their best to surmount them. The proceedings then terminated.

APPEALS.—Funds are greatly needed by the After-Care Association for Poor and Friendless Convalescents (Patroness, H.R.H. Princess Christian; President, The Earl of Meath), the chief object of which is to facilitate the re-admission into social life of the large number of women discharged every year from our asylums. Subscriptions may be sent to the Secretary, H. Thornhill Ruxby, Esq., "Arden Lea," The Drive, Walthamstow, Essex.—Lord Kinnaird, 50, South Audley Street, W., is the Treasurer of the Homes for Working Girls, of which there are nine in different parts of London. Special gifts are desired in order that the debt of 1,600*l.* incurred for Domgay House, the most recently-opened, may be speedily wiped off.—The Night Refuges established by the St. Giles's Christian Mission have been instrumental in succouring women restoring to an honest livelihood many hundreds of outcast women in the metropolis. In winter, these refuges are always well filled, and, in order that no applicants may be turned away, a special appeal for help is made. Donations may be sent to Mr. F. A. Bevan, 54, Lombard Street, E.C., or to Mr. George Hutton, the Superintendent of the Mission, at 4, Ampton Street, Regent Square, W.C.

SAN CHRISTOVAO

IT may be of doubtful advantage, but certainly a momentous political event, such as the change of the government of a country from a Monarchy to a Republic, makes that country much more interesting to outsiders than it was before. Four or five weeks ago, numbers of well-informed persons, unless stimulated by commercial interest or ties of kindred, knew very little about Brazil and her metropolis. Now, provided that the Republic pursues a tranquil career, undisturbed by intestine broils, a good many of the globe-trotting fraternity may be inclined to take a trip thither, and they could not choose a more favourable time than about the month of May, when the so-called winter of the southern tropic is beginning. Many travellers declare that the three finest harbours in the world as regards picturesqueness are Plymouth, Sydney, and Rio de Janeiro; but the two former lack the richness of tropical vegetation and the background of finely-shaped mountain-peaks which add so much to the charm of the latter. Rowing leisurely about this beautiful harbour, the lover of scenery never wearies of the numerous green islands, the pretty sandy bays, the silvery rivulets, the dense forests, and the mountains which rise in such fantastic forms to landward. And not the least attractive spot to a visitor of this sort is San Christovao, where the Emperor Peter had his winter palace, an engraving of which we published last week.

AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY was unrolled at University College last week, after being in the College Museum for the last half century. It was swathed in a quantity of yellowish linen, and the body had been filled with bitumen, which destroyed the flesh and nearly all the inscriptions on the linen. The body is now nearly black, and the vestiges of skin left are hard and shiny, while the bones are in good condition. Glass eyes had been placed in the head. Apparently, the mummy is that of a middle-class Egyptian of medium height and handsome features, dating from about 800 B.C. A prayer for the heart of the deceased, who was called Bek-Ran or Bek-Ranef, can be read on the linen, together with the name of Osiris.

THE LATE MR. BROWNING

IN our last issue we gave a portrait and biography of the late Robert Browning. The Palazzo Rezzonico, where the poet died, was built by Longhena in the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian styles,

the residence of the Comte de Chambord. The mortal remains of the great poet have now been removed from the Palace at Venice and conveyed to Westminster Abbey for interment there, the funeral ceremony having been fixed for the 31st. instant. Our other engraving shows the body of the late Mr. Browning lying in the Hall of the Palazzo Rezzonico, whence it was on the 16th inst. removed, with ceremonial honours rendered by the Municipality of Venice, to the cemetery of San Michele. There the coffin was deposited in the Chapel, pending its removal to England.—Our view of the Palazzo is from an unnamed photograph; that of the Hall, from a photograph by G. D. Brusa, Venice.



THE PALAZZO REZZONICO, VENICE

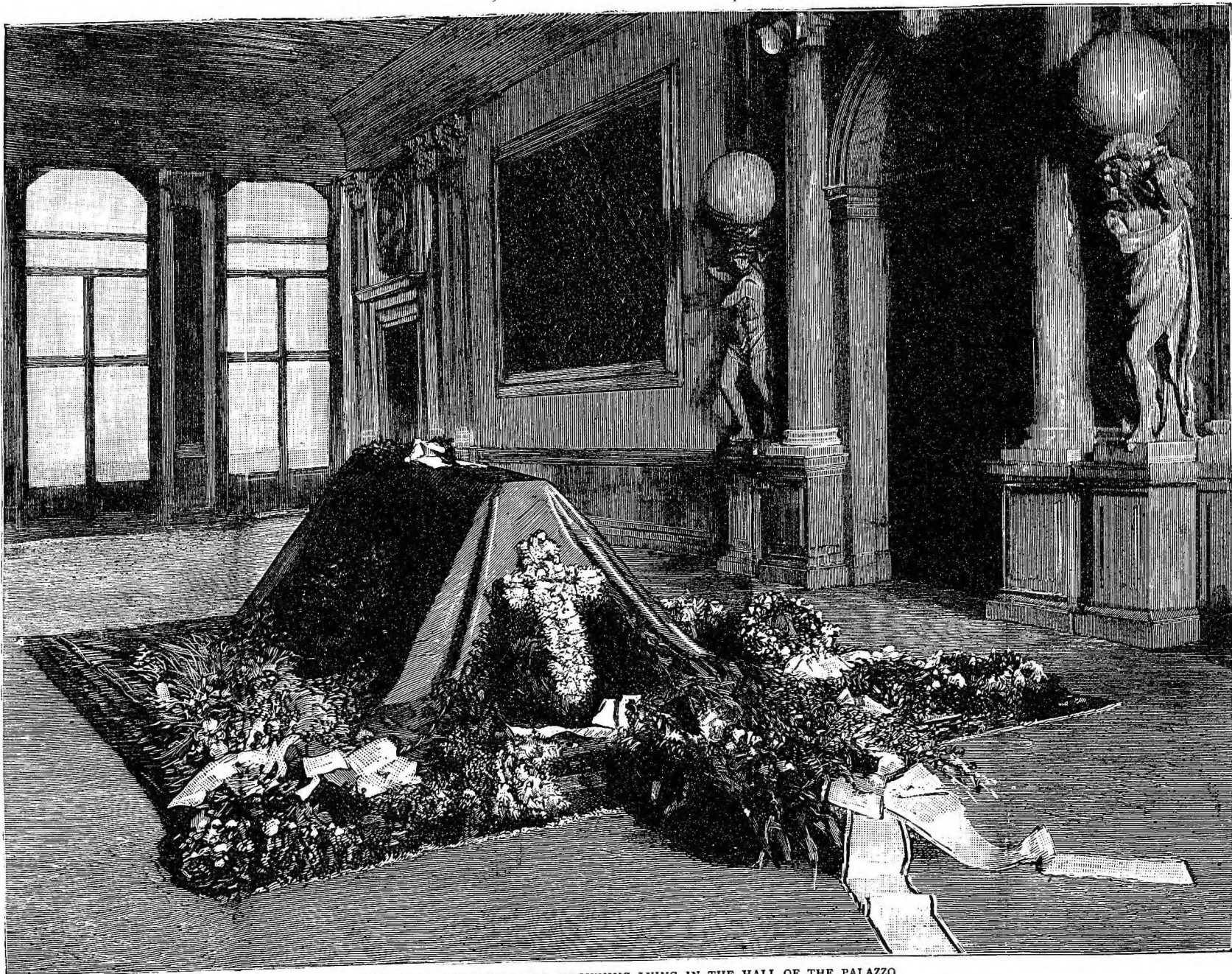
and is one of the finest in Venice. It has been quite recently bought and restored by Mr. R. Barrett Browning. It is situated on the Grand Canal, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Palazzo Cavalli

Eastern fashion. She has commissioned the German Ambassador to the Porte to procure for her large quantities of carpets, hangings, divans, &c.

SCENE FROM "LA TOSCA"

WE gave a full account of *La Tosca* when it was produced by Mr. John Hare at the Garrick Theatre on November 28th. The authors of the adaptation, Messrs. Grove and Hamilton, were scolded by some of the critics for having taken liberties with M. Victorien Sardou's original by making Cavaradossi not the lover, but the husband of *La Tosca*. It was contended that by thus raising the social status of that lady, some of the most effective features of the piece were sacrificed. However this may be, the public seem to be fully satisfied, and the play has since run a triumphant career. This is, of course, greatly due to the admirable impersonation of the leading character by Mrs. Bernard Beere. As one of the afore-said critics remarks, "Madame Sarah Bernhardt herself did not wring the hearts of her audience more effectually than does the English actress in the terrible torture-scene, or in the last thrilling moment, when the full extent of Scarpia's treachery and baseness is discovered." Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mr. Lewis Waller respectively give effective representation to the characters of Scarpia and Cavaradossi.

ORIENTAL FURNISHING delighted the German Empress during her late stay at Constantinople, that Her Majesty intends to fit up some of her apartments at the Berlin Palace in



THE BODY OF THE LATE MR. BROWNING LYING IN THE HALL OF THE PALAZZO

A Case for Experts

THE COURT OF CHANCERY (for so the Chancery Division, including all its subdivisions, will always be indiscriminately known to the public) is not a popular tribunal. Old traditions die hard, and its old and evil reputation still clings to it. It is still looked upon much as when it was nothing but a "dead sea of stagnant litigation;" when the Courts of the Lord Chancellor, and the Master of the Rolls, and the Vice-Chancellor of England were all hopelessly blocked with business, and suits lasted commonly half, or at least a quarter, of a century. Dickens, too, is responsible for much. We are never likely to forget Miss Flite, who expected a judgment—on the Day of Judgment; and Gridley, "the man from Shropshire." "Jarndyce and Jarndyce," too, is an immortal caricature.

It must, however, be admitted that the Chancery Courts are very different tribunals to-day to what they were fifty, thirty, twenty, or even ten years ago. There are grievances it is true; it is still no uncommon thing for the costs to swallow up an estate. But there is no doubt that the Chancery Judges, sitting as they do alone and single handed, get through a vast amount of solid, if not very showy, work, and get through it so unostentatiously, and with so little fuss, that little is known of it.

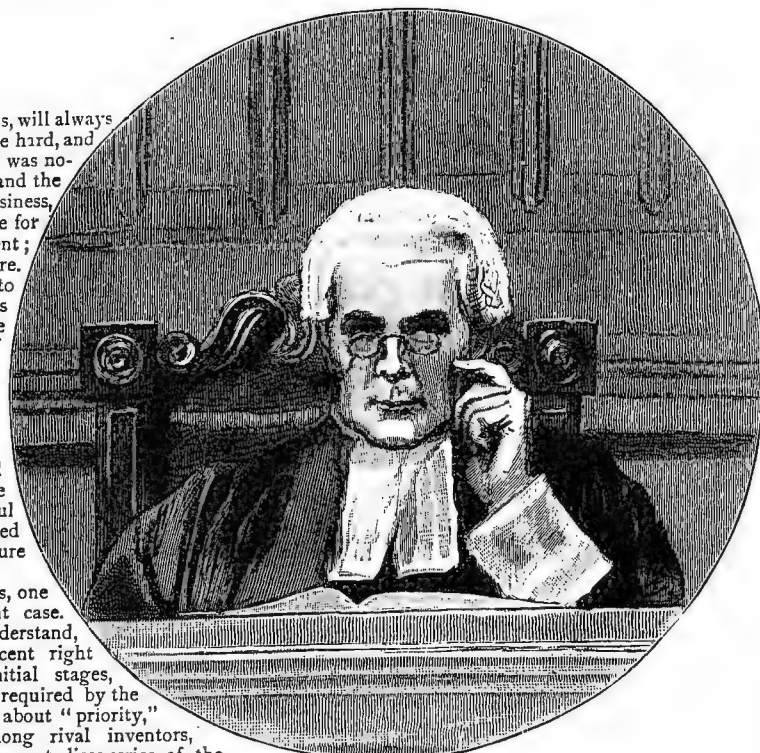
There is nothing very attractive about the Chancery Law Courts. Their proceedings are, to put it mildly, extremely technical. It may be doubted whether the public could make head or tail of the mysterious jargon which is there habitually used; and this, no doubt, accounts for much of the emptiness which is their predominant characteristic, as contrasted with the busy, bustling mob which throng the Common Law Courts all day long. But grave issues are decided in these quiet tribunals. Here family estates are allotted to their rightful owners, and huge fortunes apportioned among those entitled to them. Here wills are construed into meanings which might often make their authors turn in their graves, and the whole future not only of individuals, but of a family, or a group of families, is made to turn upon a hair.

The illustration gives us a glimpse of a Chancery Court engaged upon what is, perhaps, one of the most abstruse and intricate of its multitudinous functions—the hearing of a patent case. Patent law is a branch of legal knowledge which is *sui generis*. None but experts understand, even if they pretend to understand, its mysteries.

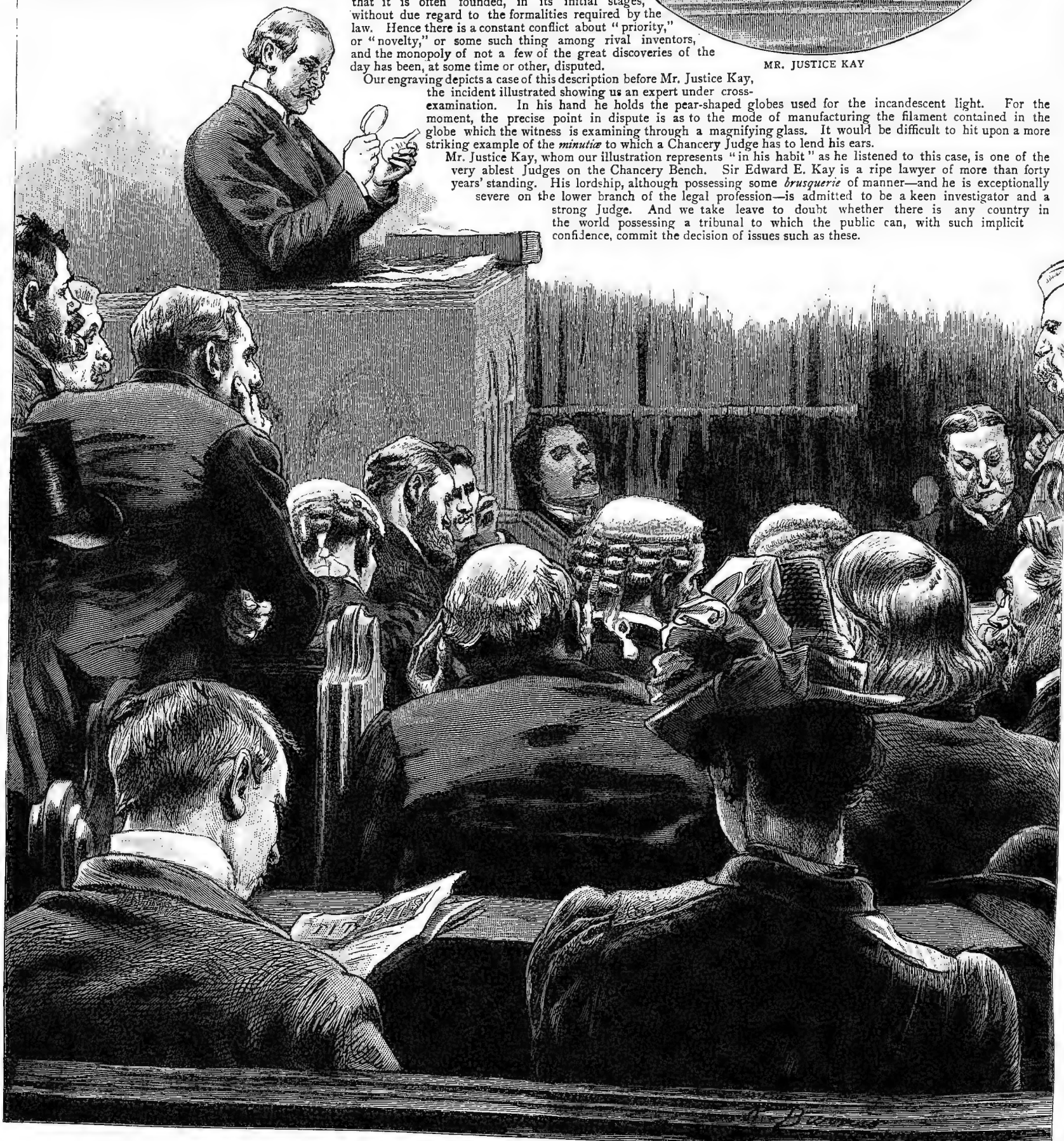
A patent is commonly such an evanescent right that it is often founded, in its initial stages, without due regard to the formalities required by the law. Hence there is a constant conflict about "priority," or "novelty," or some such thing among rival inventors, and the monopoly of not a few of the great discoveries of the day has been, at some time or other, disputed.

Our engraving depicts a case of this description before Mr. Justice Kay, the incident illustrated showing us an expert under cross-examination. In his hand he holds the pear-shaped globes used for the incandescent light. For the moment, the precise point in dispute is as to the mode of manufacturing the filament contained in the globe which the witness is examining through a magnifying glass. It would be difficult to hit upon a more striking example of the *minutiae* to which a Chancery Judge has to lend his ears.

Mr. Justice Kay, whom our illustration represents "in his habit" as he listened to this case, is one of the very ablest Judges on the Chancery Bench. Sir Edward E. Kay is a ripe lawyer of more than forty years' standing. His lordship, although possessing some *brusquerie* of manner—and he is exceptionally severe on the lower branch of the legal profession—is admitted to be a keen investigator and a strong Judge. And we take leave to doubt whether there is any country in the world possessing a tribunal to which the public can, with such implicit confidence, commit the decision of issues such as these.



MR. JUSTICE KAY





DRAWN BY W. SMALL

She went quickly forward, and threw herself on her knees by the bedside.

"THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," &C.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FRIENDS IN NEED.

ON the Monday morning matters were so serious that Mangan telegraphed down to Winstead; but the old Doctor and his wife, and Francie, were already on their way to town. When they arrived in Piccadilly, and went into the sick-room, Lionel did not know them: most likely he merely confused them with the crowding phantoms of his brain. He was now in a high state of fever; but the delirium was not violent; he lay murmuring and moaning, and it was only chance phrases they could catch—about some one being lost—and a wide and dark sea—and so forth. Sometimes he fancied that Nina was standing at the door; and he would appeal piteously to her; and then sink back with a sigh, as if convinced once more that it was only a vision. The Winstead people took apartments for themselves at a hotel in Half-Moon Street; but of course they spent nearly all their time in this sitting-room, where they could do little but listen to the reports of the doctors, and wait, and hope.

In the afternoon Mangan said—

"Francie, you're not used to sitting in-doors all day: won't you come out for a little stroll in the Park over there?"

"And I'm sure you want a breath of fresh air as much as any one, Mr. Mangan," the old lady said. "What would my boy have done without you all this time!"

Francie at once and obediently put on her things, and she and Maurice went down-stairs and crossed the street and entered the Park, where they could walk up and down the unfrequented ways, and talk as they pleased.

"I suppose you will be going down to the House of Commons almost directly?" she asked.

"Oh, no," he answered. "I've begged off. I could not think of getting to work while Linn is so ill as that."

"Do you know what I have been thinking all day, Maurice?" she said, gently. "When I saw you with the doctors, and when I heard of all you have done since Saturday morning—well, I could not help thinking that there must be something fine about Lionel to have secured him such a friend."

He looked at her with some surprise.

"But you have been his friend—all these years!" he said.

"Ah, that's different: we were brought up together. Tell me—the Nina he is always talking about—I suppose that is the Italian girl who was at the theatre—and whom he knew in Naples—he used to write home about her—"

"Yes," he said; "and it is only now I am beginning to under-

stand something of the situation. I do believe mental distress has had as much to do with bringing on this fever as anything else: the chill may have been only an accident that developed it. I told you when I saw him, before he was struck down, how he seemed to be all at sixes and sevens with himself—everything wrong—worried, harassed and sick of life, though he would hardly explain anything: he was always too proud to ask for pity. Well, now, I am piecing together a story, out of these incoherent appeals and recollections that come into his delirium; and if I am right, it is a sad enough one, for it seems to me so hopeless. I believe he was all the time in love with that Nina—Miss Ross—and did not know it; for their association, their companionship, was so constant, so like an intimate friendship. Then there seems to have been some misunderstanding, and she went away unexpectedly—there is a box of jewels and trinkets on the top of the piano, and I am certain these were what she sent back to him when she left. I don't think he has the slightest idea where she is; and that is troubling him more than anything else—"

"But, Maurice," said Francie, instantly, "could we not find out where she is?—surely she would come and see him and pacify his mind: it would just make all the difference! Surely we could find out where she is!"

Mangan hesitated: it was not the first time this idea had occurred to himself.

"I am afraid," said he, "that even if we knew where she was it would be rather awkward to approach her. There may have been something about her going away that prevented Linn from trying to find her out. For one thing, his engagement to Miss Burgoyne. I believed he blundered into that in a sort of reckless despair; but there it is; and there it is likely to be, unfortunately—"

"But surely, surely, Maurice," said Francie, "Miss Ross would not make that any obstacle if she knew that her coming would give peace and rest to one who is dangerously ill. Surely she would not think of such a thing at such a time—"

"And then again," he said, "the chances are all against our finding her, if she wishes to remain concealed, or even absent. Linn talks of Malta, of Australia, of San Francisco, and so on; but I don't believe he has the slightest idea where she is. No, I am afraid it's no use thinking of it: the crisis of the fever will be here before any such thing could be tried."

Then he said presently—

"I had a visit from Miss Burgoyne yesterday afternoon."

"I suppose she was terribly distressed," Francie said naturally enough.

"Oh, no. On the contrary, she was remarkably cool and

composed. I almost admired her self-possession. She does not think Lionel's throat will suffer; and no doubt she trusts to his sound constitution to pull him through the fever; so perhaps there is not much reason that she should betray any anxiety. Oh, yes, she was very brave about it—and—and business-like. At the same time I confess to a sort of prejudice in favour of feminine women. I think a little touch of femininity might improve Miss Purgoyne, for example. However, she knows she is in possession; and if Linn pulls through all right, there she is, waiting for him."

It seemed to Francie that her companion had managed to form a pretty strong dislike towards that young lady, considering how little he could possibly know of her.

"I suppose one ought not to contemplate such things," he continued, "but if Linn were to come out of the fever with the loss of his voice, I suspect he would have little trouble in freeing himself from that engagement with Miss Burgoyne."

"But surely a woman could not be so base as to keep a man to an unwilling engagement!" Francie protested, as she had protested before.

"I don't know about that," her companion said. "As I told you, Miss Burgoyne is a business-like person. Linn, with his handsome figure and his fine voice, with his popularity and social position, is a very desirable match for her; but Linn became a nobody—his voice gone—his social success along with it—would be something entirely different. At the same time, Dr. Whitsen agrees with her in thinking there won't be any permanent injury: it is the fever that is the serious thing."

They went back to the house; the reports were no better. And all that night Lionel's fevered imaginings did not cease. He was haunted now by visions of cruelties and sufferings being inflicted on some one he knew in a far distant land; he pleaded with the torturers; he called for help; sometimes he said she was dead and released, and there was no more need for him to go away in a ship to seek for her. The wearied brain could get no rest at all. Daylight came, and still he lay there moaning and murmuring to himself. But help was at hand.

Between ten and eleven, Dr. Ballardyce, who had paid his usual morning visit, was going away, and Maurice, as his custom was, went downstairs with him to hear the last word. He said good-bye to the doctor, and opened the door for him; and just as he did so he found before him a young woman who was about to ring the bell. She glanced up with frightened eyes; he was no less startled; and then, with a hurried "I beg your pardon," she turned to go away. But Maurice was by her side in a moment—bare-headed as he was

"Miss Ross!" he exclaimed—for surely, surely, he could not have mistaken the pale olive face and the beautiful soft dark lustrous eyes; nay, he made bold to put his hand on her arm, so determined was he to detain her.

"I—I only wished to hear how he was—but—but not that he should know," Nina said (she was all trembling, and her lips were pale).

"Oh, yes," Mangan said. "But you must not go away—I have something to tell you—come indoors! You know he is seriously ill—you cannot refuse!"

There was but an intervening step or two; she timidly followed and entered the little hall; and he closed the door after them.

"Is he so very ill?" she said, in a low voice. "I saw it in the newspapers—I could not wait—but he is not to know that I came—"

"But—but I have something to say to you," he answered her, somewhat breathlessly, for he was uncertain what to do: he only knew that she must not go. "Yes, he is very ill—and distressed—his brain is excited—and we want to calm him. Surely you will come and speak to him—"

She shrank back involuntarily, and there was a pathetic fear in the large, timid eyes.

"Me? No—no!" she said. "Ah, no, I could not do that! Is he so very ill?"

Tears stood in the long black lashes, and she turned her head away.

"But you don't understand," Maurice said, eagerly. "All the way through this illness, it is about you he has been grieving; you have never been out of his thoughts; and if you saw his distress, I know you would do anything in your power to quiet him a little. It is what his cousin said yesterday. 'If we could only find Miss Ross,' she said, 'that would be everything; that would bring him rest; he would be satisfied that she was well, and remembering him, and not gone away for ever.' I never expected to see you; I thought it was useless trying to find you; but now—now—you cannot be so cruel as to refuse him this comfort! You would be sorry if you saw him. Perhaps he might not recognise you—probably not. But if you could persuade him that you really were in London—that you would come some other day soon to see him again—I know that would pacify him, just when peace of mind is all-important. Now, can you refuse?"

"No, no," Nina said, in a low voice; "you will do with me what you like. It is no matter—what it is to me. Do with me as you please." And then again she turned her large, dark eyes upon him, as if to make sure he was not deceiving her. "Did you say that—that he remembered me—that he had asked for me?"

"Remember you! If you only could have heard the piteous way he has talked of you—always and always—and of your going away. I have such a lot I could tell you! He had those loving cups filled one night—there was some tancy in his head he could call you back—"

She was sobbing a little; but she bravely dried her tears, and said, "Tell me what I am to do."

But that was precisely what he did not know himself—for a moment. He considered.

"Come upstairs," he said. "His family are there. I will tell him a visitor has called to see him. He often thinks you are there, but that you won't speak to him. Well, you will just say a few words, to convince him, and as quietly as you can, and come out again. Perhaps he will take it all as a matter of course; and that will be well; and I will tell him you will come again, after he has had some sleep. Of course you must be very calm too: there must be no excitement."

"No, no," Nina murmured in the same low voice, and she followed him upstairs.

On entering the sitting-room she glanced apprehensively at those strangers; but Francie, divining in an instant who she was, and why Maurice had brought her hither, immediately came to her, and pressed her hand, in silence.

Maurice went into the sick-room.

"Linn," said he, cheerfully, "I've brought you a visitor; but she can't stay very long; she will come again some other time. You've always been asking about Miss Ross, and why she didn't come to see you: well, here she is!"

Lionel slowly opened his tired eyes and looked towards the door; but he seemed to take no interest in the girl who was standing there, pale, trembling, and quite forgetting all she had been enjoined to do. Lionel, with those restless, fatigued eyes, regarded her, for but a second—then he turned away, shaking his head. He had seen that illusory phantom so often!

"Linn," said his friend, reproachfully, "when Miss Ross comes to see you, are you not going to say a word to her?"

It was Nina herself who interrupted him. She uttered a little cry of appeal and pity—"Leo!"—she went quickly forward, and threw herself on her knees by the bedside, and seized his hand, and bathed it with her hot tears. "Leo, do you not know me! I am Nina! If you wish me to come back—see! see!—I am here! I kiss your hand—it is Nina!"

He looked at her strangely, and turned with bewildered eyes to Maurice.

"Maurice, is it twelve o'clock? Has she really come this time? Did you hear her speak just now? Is it Nina—at last! at last!"

With her head still bowed down, and her whole frame shaken with her sobbing, but still clasping his hand, she murmured to him some phrase—Maurice guessed it was in the familiar Neapolitan dialect; for Lionel presently said to her—slowly, because of his heavy breathing—

"Ah, you are still *la cianciosella*!—but you have come back—and not to go away. I have forgotten so many things. My head is not well. But wait a little while, Nina—wait a little while—"

"Oh, yes, Leo," she said, and she rose and dried her eyes with her head turned aside somewhat. "I will wait until you have plenty of time to tell me. I shall come and see you whenever you want me."

She looked at Maurice humbly for directions: his eyes plainly said—yes, it was time she should withdraw. She went into the other room—rather blindly, as it seemed to her—and she sank into a chair, still trembling and exhausted; but Francie was by her side in a moment.

"Did he know you?" she asked in an undertone.

"Yes, I think," Nina answered. "But oh, he looks so strange—so different. He has suffered. It is terrible; but I am glad that I came—"

"It is so kind of you—for I see you are so tired!" said Francie, in her gentle way. "Perhaps you have been travelling?"

"Only last night—but I did not sleep any—"

"Shall I get you some tea?" was the next inquiry.

But here the old doctor, who had been stealthily moving about the room, interfered, and produced a biscuit-box and a decanter of port-wine and a glass; while the old lady begged Miss Ross to take off her cloak and remain with them a little while. At this moment Mangan came out from the sick-room.

"Doctor," said he in a whisper, "you must go in presently; I think you'll see a difference. He is quite pleased and content—talking to himself a little, but not complaining any more. Twice he has said: 'Maurice, Nina has spoken at last.'"

There was a tinkle of a bell; Maurice answered it with the swiftness of a nurse in a hospital. He returned in a minute—looking a little puzzled.

"He wants to make quite sure you have been here," he said to Nina, in the same undertone; "and I told him you were in the next room, but that you were tired, and could not see him just now. No, I don't think it would do for you to go back at present—what do you say, Doctor?"—he seems so much more tranquil, and it would do you a pity to run any risk. But if you could just let him know you were here—he might hear your talking to us—that would be no harm—"

"I know how to tell Leo that I am here," Nina said, simply; and she went to the piano and opened it. Then, with the most exquisite softness, she began to play some familiar Neapolitan airs—slowly and gently so that they must have sounded in the sick-chamber like mere echoes of song coming from across wide waters. And would he not understand that it was Nina who was speaking to him; that she was only a few yards from him; and not the ghostly Nina who had so often come to the sick-room door and remained there strangely silent, but the wilful, gentle, capricious, warm-hearted *cianciosella* who had kissed his hand but a little while ago, and wept over it, amidst her bitter sobs? These were love-songs for the most part that she was playing; but that was neither here nor there: the soft-rippling notes were more like the sound of a trickling waterfall, in some still summer solitude. "*Cannetella, oje Cannetella!*" "*Chello che tu me dice, Nenna, non boglio fà.*" "*Io te voglio bene assaje, e tu non pienz' a me!*" He would know it, was Nina who was playing for him—until slowly and slowly, and gently and more gently, the velvet-soft notes gradually ceased, and at length there was silence.

Old Mrs. Moore went over to the girl, and patted her affectionately on the shoulder, and kissed her.

"Lionel has told us a great deal about you," the old lady said; "even when he was in Naples we seemed to know you quite well: and now I hope we shall be friends."

And Nina made answer, with downcast eyes— "Whenever you wish it, Madame, I shall be glad to come and play a little—if he cares to hear the Neapolitan airs that he used to know in former days."

Yes, there was no doubt that this opportune visit had made a great difference in Lionel's condition; for though the fever did not abate—and could not be expected to abate until the crisis had been reached—there were no more of those agonised pleadings and murmurings that showed such deep distress of mind. Frequently, indeed, he seemed to know nothing of what had occurred; he would talk of Nina as being in Naples, or as having gone down to the theatre; but all the same he was more tranquil. As for Nina, she said she would do just as they wished. She had arrived in London that morning, and had gone to Mrs. Grey's, in Sloane Street, and engaged a room. She could go down there now, and wait until she was sent for, if they thought it would please Lionel to know that one of his former companions had come to see him. She put it very prettily and modestly: it was only as an old ally and comrade of Lionel's that she was here; perhaps he might be glad to know of her presence. Or, if they thought that might disturb him, she would not come back at all; she would be content to hear, from time to time, how the fever was going on, if she might be permitted to call and ask the people below.

It was Maurice who answered her.

"If you don't mind, Miss Ross," said he, "I should like you to be here just as much as ever you found convenient. I keep telling Lionel you are in the next room; and that, at any moment he wants, you will play some of those Neapolitan airs for him; and he seems satisfied. It has been the worst part of his delirium that he fancied you were away in some distant place, and were being cruelly ill-used; and he has excited himself dreadfully about it. Well, we don't want that to come back; and if at any moment I can say 'But look!—here is Nina—I beg your pardon!' said Mangan, blushing furiously, and looking as sheepish as a caught schoolboy. "I mean if I could say to him 'Look! here is Miss Ross, perfectly safe and well,' that would pacify him."

"And if you are fatigued after your journey," said Dr. Moore, who was a firm believer in the fine old-fashioned fortifying theory, "we shall be having our mid-day meal by and by, in a room upstairs, and I'm sure we'll make you heartily welcome."

"And I think, my dear," said the mother, rising from her chair, and taking the girl kindly by the hand, "that if you and I and Francie were to go up there now, we should be more out of the way; and there would be no chance of our talking being heard."

It was at this plain but substantial mid-day meal, served in an upstairs room, that Nina incidentally told them something of her adventures and experiences during the past six months, though of course nothing was said about her reasons for leaving London. Maurice happened to inquire where it was that she had heard of Lionel's illness.

"In Glasgow," said Nina. "I saw about it in a newspaper yesterday; I came up by the train last night, because—because—" here some slight colour appeared in the pale clear complexion—"because if an old friend is very ill, one wishes to be near." And perhaps it was to escape from this little embarrassment that she proceeded to say: "Oh, they are so kind, the Glasgow people; I have never seen such domesticity." She glanced at Maurice, as if to see whether the word was right: then she went on. "When I was engaged by the Director of the Saturday Evening Concerts, he told me that they had to change their singers frequently, that if I wished to remain in Glasgow or Edinburgh, I must sing at private concerts, and give lessons, to have continual employment. And there was not much difficulty; oh, they are so enthusiastic, the Scotch people, about music!—to sing in the St. Andrew's Hall or the City Hall—and especially if you sing one of their own Scotch songs—the enthusiasm, the applause, it is like fire going through the nerves. Well, it is very pleasant, but it is not enough employment, even though I get one or two other engagements, like the Edinburgh Orchestral Festival. No, it is not enough; but then I began to sing at musical evenings, in the fashionable private houses, and also to give lessons in the daytime; and then it was I began to know the kindness of that people, their consideration, their benignant to a stranger, their good humour, and good wishes to you. Oh, a little brusque sometimes, the father of a family, perhaps: the lady of the house and her daughters—never! More than once a lady has said to me 'What, are you all alone in this big town!—my daughters will call for you to-morrow and take you to the Botanic Gardens; and after you will come back to tea.' Or again they have shown me photographs of a beautiful large house—like a castle, almost—on the side of a hill, among trees; and they say 'That is our house in the summer; it is by the sea; if you are here in the summer, you must come and stay with us, and you will play lawn-tennis with the girls, and go boating with them, and fishing, all day; then every evening we will have a little concert—'"

"I beg your pardon," interposed the blunt-tongued doctor, "but do you call that Scotch hospitality, Miss Ross?—to invite a professional singer to their house, and get her services for nothing?"

"Ah, no, no, you mistake," said Nina, putting up the palm of her right hand for a second. "You mistake. I was offered terms as well—generous, oh, yes, very generous; but it was not that that impressed me—it was their kindness—their admitting me into their domesticity—I have found the mother as kind to me as to her own daughters. No airs of patronage; they did not say, 'You are a foreigner; we cannot trust you;' they said, 'You are alone; come into our family, and be friends with us.' But not at once; no, no; for at first I did not know any one—"

"I should think it would be easy for you to make friends anywhere," said Francie, in her gentle fashion.

They did not linger long over that meal; it was hardly a time for feasting; indeed, Maurice had gone down before the others, to hear the nurse's report. She had nothing to say; the sick-room had been so still, she had not even ventured in, hoping the patient was asleep.

That afternoon there were many callers; and Mangan, who went down to such of them as wanted to have special intelligence, was pleased in a way. "Well," he would say to himself, as he went up and down the stairs, "the public have a little gratitude, after all, and even mere acquaintances do think of you occasionally. It is something. But if you should go under, if you should drop out from amid the universal forward-hurrying throng: what then? If you have done something that can be mentioned, in art, or letters, or science, the newspapers may toss you a paragraph; or if you have been a notorious criminal, or charlatan, or windbag, they may even devote a leader to you; but the multitude—what time have they to think? A careless eye glances at the couple of obituary lines that have been paid for by relatives; then onwards again. Perhaps, here and there, one solitary heart is struck deep; and I remember; but the ordinary crowd of one's acquaintances—what time have they? Good-bye, friend!—but we are in such a hurry!" Nevertheless, he was glad to tell Lionel of these callers, and of their flowers, and cards, and messages, and what not.

On this Tuesday afternoon Miss Burgoyne also called; but hearing that there were some relations come, she would not go upstairs. Maurice went down to see her.

"What brought on this fever?" she asked, after the usual inquiries. "A variety of causes, I should imagine," he answered. "The immediate one was a severe chill."

"They say he has lost all his money, and is deeply in debt," she observed.

"Who says?" he demanded—too sharply, for he did not like this woman.

"Oh, I have heard of it," she answered.

"It is not true then. I don't know of his being in debt at all; if he is, he has friends who will see him through, until he gets all right again."

"Oh, well," she said, apparently much relieved, "it is of no great consequence, so long as his voice is not touched. With his voice he can always retrieve himself, and keep well ahead. They do tell such stories. Thank you, Mr. Mangan—Good-bye!"

"Good-bye," said he, with unnecessary coldness: why should a disciple of Marcus Aurelius take umbrage at any manifestation of our common human nature?

She turned for a moment as he opened the door for her.

"Tell him I called; and that his portrait and mine are to appear in this week's *Footlights*—in the same number."

"Very well."

"Good-bye!"

When Dr. Ballardyce came that evening to make his usual examination, his report was of a twofold character: the fever was still ravaging the now enfeebled constitution—the temperature, in especial, being seriously high; but the patient seemed much calmer in mind.

"Indeed," said the doctor to Maurice, at the foot of the stair, as he was going away, "I should say that for the moment the delirium was quite gone. But I did not speak much to him. Quiet is the great thing—sleep above all."

Then Maurice told him what had happened during the day; and asked him whether, supposing they found Lionel quite sane and sensible, it would be advisable to tell him that Miss Ross was in the house, or even ask her to go and see him.

"Well, I should say not—not unless he appears to be troubled again. His present tranquillity of mind is everything that could be wished; I would not try any unnecessary experiment. Probably he does not know now that he has even seen her. Sometimes they have a vague recollection of something having happened; more frequently the whole thing is forgotten. Wait till we see how the fever goes; when he is convalescent—perhaps then."

But Maurice, on his own responsibility, went into the sick-room after the doctor had left—went in on tip-toe, lest Lionel should be asleep. He was not asleep. He looked at Mangan.

"Maurice, come here," he said, in a hard-labouring voice.

"You're not to talk, Linn," his friend answered, with a fine affectation of carelessness. "I merely looked in to see how you were getting on. There's no news. The Government seem to be in a mess, but even their own friends are ashamed of their vacillation. They're talking of still another Lyric Theatre; you'll have to save up your voice, Linn—by Jove, you fellows will be in tremendous request. What else? Oh, nothing. There's been a plucky thing done by a servant-girl in rescuing two children from a fire—if there's a little testimonial to her, I'm in with my humble guinea. But there's nothing in the papers—I'm glad I'm not a leader-writer."

He went and got some more water for a jug of white lilies that stood on the table; and began to put things a little straight—as if he were a woman.

"Maurice!"

"You're not to talk, Linn, I tell you!"

"I must—just a word," Lionel said; and Mangan was forced to listen. "What does the doctor really say?"

"About you?—oh, you're going on first-rate! Only you've to keep still and quiet, and not trouble about anything."

"What day is this?"

"Why, Tuesday."

He thought for a little.

"It—it was a Saturday I was taken ill? I have forgotten so many things. But—but there's this, Maurice: if anything happens to me—the piano in the next room—it belongs to me—you will give that to Francie for her wedding-present. I would have given her something more, but you know. And if you ever hear of Nina Rossi, will you ask her to—to take some of the things in a box you'll find on the top of the piano—they all belonged to her—if she won't take them all back, she must take some—as a—as a keepsake. She ought to do that. Perhaps she won't think I treated her so badly—when it's all over—"

He lay back exhausted with this effort.

"Oh, stuff and nonsense, Linn!" his friend exclaimed, in apparent anger. "What's the use of talking like that! You know you were worried into this illness; and I want to explain to you that you needn't worry any longer, that you've nothing to do but get well! Now listen—and be quiet. To begin with Lord Rockminster has got his £300—"

"I remember about that—it was awfully good of you, Maurice—"

"Be quiet. Then there's that diabolical £1,100. Well, things have to be faced," continued Mangan, with a matter-of-fact air. "It's no use sighing and groaning when you or your friends are in a pickle: you've just got to make the best of it. Very well. Do you see this slip of paper?—this is a cheque for a £1,100, drawn out and signed by me, Maurice Mangan, barrister-at-law, and author of several important works not yet written. I took it up this afternoon to that young fellow's rooms in Bruton Street, to get a receipt for the money, for I thought that would satisfy you better; but I found he was in Paris. Never mind. There is the cheque; and I am going to post it directly; so that he will get it the moment he returns—"

"Maurice, you must ask Francie."

"I will not ask Francie," his friend said promptly. "Francie must attend to her own affairs until she has acquired the legal right to control me and mine. You needn't make a fuss about a little thing like that, Linn. I can easily make it up; in fact, I may say I have already secured a means of making it up, as a telegram I received this very afternoon informs me. Here is the story: I can talk to you, if you may not talk to me; and I want you to know that everything is straight and clear and arranged. About ten days ago I had a letter from a syndicate in the North asking me if I could write for them a weekly article—not a London correspondent's newsletter—but a series of comments on the important subjects of the day, outside politics. Outside politics, of course; for I dare say they will supply this article to sixty or eighty country papers. Very well. You know what a lazy wretch I am: I declined. Then yesterday, when I was dawdling about the house here, it suddenly occurred to me that after all I couldn't do better than sit down and write to my enterprising friends in the North, and tell them that they could have that weekly column of enlightenment, if they hadn't engaged any one else, and if they were prepared to pay well enough for it. This afternoon comes their answer: here it is—'Offer still open: will four hundred suit you?' 400*l.* a year will suit me very well."

"Maurice, you're taking on all that additional work on my account," Lionel managed to say, by way of feeble protest.

"I am taking it on to cure myself of atrocious habits of indolence. And look at the educational process. I shall have to read all the important new books, and attend the Private Views, and examine the working of local government: bless you, I shall become a compendium of information on every possible modern subject. Then think of the power I shall wield: let Quirk and his gang beware!—I shall be able to kick those log-rollers all over the country—there will be a buffet for them here, and a buffet for them there, until they'll go to their mothers and ask, with tears in their eyes, why they ever were born. Or will it be worth while? No. They are hardly important enough; the public don't heed them. But the 400*l.* is remarkably important—to any one looking forward to having an extravagant spendthrift of a wife on his hands; and so you see, Linn, everything promises well. And I will say good-night to you now—though I am not leaving the house yet—oh, no!—you can send the nurse for me if you want me. Schlaf' wohl!"

The sick man murmured something unintelligible in reply, and then lay still.

Now Maurice Mangan had spoken of his dawdling about this house; but the fact was that he had his hands full from morning till night. The mere correspondence he had to answer was considerable. Then there were the visitors, and the doctors, to be received; and the nurse to be looked after; and the anxious mother to be appeased and reassured. Indeed, on this evening, the old lady, hearing that her son was sensible, begged and entreated to be allowed to go in and talk to him; and it took both her husband and Maurice to dissuade her.

"You see," said Mangan, "he's used to me; he doesn't mind my going in and out; but if he finds you have all come up from Winstead, he may be suddenly alarmed. Better wait until the crisis is over—then you may take the place of the nurse whenever you like."

Shortly thereafter the old people and Francie left for their hotel; then Maurice had to see about Nina, whom they had left in the upstairs room.

"Just as you wish," she said, with a kind of pathetic humility in her eyes. "If I can be of any service, I will stay all the night; a chair, here, will be enough for me. Indeed, I should be glad to be allowed—"

"No, no," said he, "at present you could not be of any use; you must get away home and have a sound night's rest after your travelling. I have just called the nurse; she will be down in a minute. And if you will put on your things I will send for a four-wheeled cab for you; or I will walk along with you until we get one."

All day long Nina had betrayed no outward anxiety; she had merely listened intently to every word, watched intently the expression of every face, as the doctors came and went. And now, as Mangan shut the door behind them, he did not care to discuss the chances of the fever: it was a subject all too uncertain and too serious for a few farewell words. But there was one point on which, delicate as it might be, he felt bound to question her.

"Miss Ross," said he, "I hope you won't think me impertinent. You must consider I represent Lionel. I am in his place. Very well; he would probably ask you, in coming so suddenly to London, whether you were quite sufficiently provided with funds—you see I am quite blunt about it—for your lodgings and cabs and so forth. I know he would ask you, and you wouldn't be angry: well, consider that I ask you in his place."

"I thank you," said Nina, in a low voice. "I understand. It is what Leo would do—yes—he was always like that. But I have plenty. I have brought everything with me. I do not go back to Glasgow."

"No?" said he; and then, rather hesitatingly, for it was dangerous ground, he added: "Wasn't it strange that, with you singing at those public concerts in Glasgow, Lionel should never have seen your name in the papers—should never have guessed where you were?"

"I took another name—Signorina Teresa I was," Nina said, simply.

"So you are not going back to Glasgow?" he asked again.

"No. The concert season is about over there. Besides," she added, rather sadly, "I have been—a little—a little homesick. The people there were very kind to me; but I was much alone. So now—when Lionel is over the worst of the fever—when he promises to get well—when you say to me I can be of no more use—then I return to Naples to my friends."

"Oh, to Naples? But what to do there?" he made bold to ask.

"Ah, who knows?" said Nina, in so low a voice that he could hardly hear.

He put her safely into a four-wheeled cab; then went back to Lionel's rooms to see that all arrangements were made for the night; finally he set out for his own chambers in Westminster. No, it had not been a dawdling day for him at all: on the contrary, he had not had time to glance at a single newspaper; and now, as he got some hot drink for himself, and lit his pipe, and hauled in an easy chair to the fire, he thought he would look over the evening journals. And about the first paragraph he saw was headed "Death of Sir Barrington Miles, M.P." Well, it was a bit of a coincidence, he considered; nothing more; and the 1,100*l.* had been paid; and, apart from that circumstance, it must be confessed his interest in the Miles family was of the slightest. Only he wondered what the young man was doing in Paris, with his father so near the point of death.

(To be continued)

AMERICAN ARTISTS are extremely angry that the Government exclude them rigidly from sketching on board war-ships during any naval manoeuvres or experiments. They contrast this treatment with the official recognition of British artists during the late English naval manoeuvres, and complain that no other Power is so churlish as the United States. A famous New York marine painter applied for permission to accompany the new American war-squadron to Europe, but the Naval Secretary would not consent.

"ASOLANDO" AND "DEMETER"

THE NEW VOLUMES BY MR. BROWNING AND LORD TENNYSON

MR. ROBERT BROWNING'S "Asolando" (Smith, Elder) was published on the morning of the great poet's death, which sad event took place, as every one knows, on the night of Thursday fortnight, at the Palazzo Rezzonico, Venice. The poet informs us in the dedication of the work to Mrs. Arthur Bronson, of Asolo, as to the significance of its name. "Asolare" means "to disport in the open air—amuse oneself." Hence Mr. Browning's invention; for love of Asolo, and, as he wrote to Mrs. Bronson, "in requital of your pleasant assurance that an early poem of mine first attracted you thither." There are to be found here many compositions worthy of Mr. Browning's genius, though some are clothed in a garb of characteristically obscure phrase. As it ends, so it begins—well. These are the two first verses of the fine "Prologue":—

The Poet's age is sad: for why?
In youth, the natural world could show
No common object, but his eye
At once involved with alien glow—
His own soul's iris-bow.

And now a flower is just a flower:
Man, bird, beast are but beast, bird, man—
Simply themselves, uncinet by dower
Of dyes which, when life's day began,
Round each in glory ran.

The four poems: each headed "Bad Dreams" and "Inapprehensiveness" will require some amount of concentration for their due understanding. He who runs may read into the sly fun of "The Pope and the Net," and the rough humour of "Muckle-Mouth Meg," a border-ballad. In "Reverie" we have the poet in front of the mystery of the Universe, and he is at his best when tranquillising man's perplexity with the mature outcome of his optimistic faith. The end of the long quest may be the finding that "Power is Love." Thus the two last stanzas of the poem run:—

I have faith such end shall be;
From the first, Power was—I knew.
Life has made clear to me
That strive but for closer view,
Love were as plain to see.

When see? When there dawns a day,
If not on the homely earth,
Then yonder, worlds away,
Where the strange and new have birth
And Power comes full in play

In one poem Mr. Browning castigates the vivisectionist, and in another the wearers of bird ornaments, "clothed," as he indignantly puts it, with murder of His best of harmless beings." There are also a few melodious lyrical love pieces. A work which, on the whole, does not detract from a lofty reputation, is closed by an "Epilogue," quoted in full here for its especial appropriateness in view of our loss:—

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, imprisoned—
Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,
—Pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel
—Being—who?

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be.
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed—fight on, fare ever
There as here!"

It is memorable in the history of poetic literature that Lord Tennyson's "Demeter and Other Poems" (Macmillan) should have been published almost simultaneously with "Asolando." It opens with a poem not unworthy of the author of "In Memoriam" addressed "To the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava," in which pathetic allusion is made to the death of the Laureate's son on his voyage home from India. The "Jubilee Ode" has been criticised long ago, and so has "Vastness," a poem of a power very different to that to be detected in the official muse offering of 1887. "Owd Roä" shows that Lord Tennyson can wield the Lincolnshire dialect as fleetly as ever, and there are numberless happy touches of humour and pathos in the old farmer's story of his dog. "Happy; The Leper's Bride," will be read with mixed feelings. On the whole, we take it, Lord Tennyson shows no falling-off in power or in the melodious sweetness of his verse. It has been observed with justice that he has published nothing which rises superior to lines to be found in this volume since the appearance of "The Holy Grail." What can be nobler than the combination of dignified lament and gratitude in the opening poem referred to above?—

But ere he left your fatal shore
And lay on that funeral boat,
Dying, "Unspeaking," he wrote
"Their kindness," and he wrote no more:

And sacred is the latest word:
And now the Was, the Might-have been,
And those lone rites I have not seen,
And one dear sound I have not heard,

Beneath a hard Arabian moon
And alien stars. To question why
The sons before the fathers die,
Not mine! and I may meet him soon.

Almost unquestionably certain of an immediate and secure hold on popular favour is the final poem of the volume, "Crossing the Bar." Simple, yet musical, the fact of the poet's fourscore years gives it a point and meaning above and over its intrinsic power:—

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark:

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have cross'd the bar.

England may well be proud both of the great singer who has gone, and of the great bard who is still with us.



THE scenic past of naval life and warfare is admirably portrayed for us by Mr. W. Clark Russell in "Between the Forelands" (Sampson Low). There is no stretch of waters the wide world over, as he observes, fuller of historic and romantic interest than the little tract of sea that washes the white terraces of cliff and the pale sands of the Sandwich foreshore betwixt the famous North and South Foreland points. Taking his stand here he is able to bring within the scope of his fascinating narrative a very large proportion of incidents which go to the making of our national glory. Mr. Russell laments the loss of such vessels as the *Harvy*, *Grace à Dieu*, and the *Sovereign*, of Charles I.'s time, to maritime existence. The latter craft was most lavishly adorned. "Picture," says our author, "such a vessel as this floating quickly past the yellow line of Goodwins there, on some smooth surface of cold steel-blue water that reflects with the perfection of a mirror the golden rays kindled on the glass and gilt which made her resemble a fabric formed of precious metal studded with brilliant gems, as she glides onward to the silken pulling of her sails, with a royal banner at her masthead, and a score of pennons rippling from other parts of her! We are born too late for such spectacles." In "Betwixt the Forelands" Mr. Clark Russell tries to give us back the ancient glamour, and certainly contrives to revivify memories of nautical adventure. It is a volume that both boys and men may enjoy.

The late visit of the Shah to Europe, and the diplomatic successes of Sir H. Drummond Wolff, have awakened a new popular interest in Persia. Therefore the appearance of Mr. W. F. Ainsworth's "The River Karun, An Opening to British Commerce" (W. H. Allen), is timely. The author supplies a great deal of geographical and topographical information about this river, and gives us the fruit of elaborate and rather recondite researches into the past of the stream, and the part it played in remote history. To its opening he attaches great importance. "It is a question," he maintains, "of opening the whole of a vast empire with many millions of inhabitants to consume our manufactures, and with rich and rare products to give in exchange to commerce with Great Britain and India." As we know, Mr. Law, our commercial attaché at Teheran, does not take quite this enthusiastic view of the subject. He is on the spot, moreover, whereas Mr. Ainsworth's prognostications seem largely based on study or second-hand authority.

Persons interested in the question of the effect of modern urban development on our physical types should not neglect a little volume entitled "The Town-Dweller: His Needs and Wants" (H. K. Lewis), by the late Dr. J. Milner Fothergill. Dr. B. W. Richardson writes an introduction for the work, not more eulogistic than it deserves. On the air, the water, the food, the beverages, and so on, at the disposal of the town-dweller, the author has something instructive and suggestive to say, and said it well. As Dr. Richardson points out, there are illustrations of scientific facts in this book which make easy, to the least scientific mind, certain teachings of physiology which lie out of the range of the common comprehension until they are expounded with the simplicity which no one but a teacher perfectly skilled in the art of teaching can supply. Of Dr. Fothergill's qualifications for writing usefully on his subject, it is sufficient to say that he was for seven years on the staff of the West London Hospital at Hammersmith, and was for twelve years one of the staff of the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, Victoria Park.

Mr. Owen T. Bulkeley has filled up an empty place in the world of books with a guide for settlers in the West Indies and Tourists' Companion, which he entitles "The Lesser Antilles." He supplies good route maps of the islands, and his work is enlivened by accurate illustrations of life and scenery. He gives statistics and other data likely to aid the traveller or intending colonist. We are very much inclined to agree with Mr. Bulkeley in his view that the reasons why our young men do not emigrate oftener to the West Indies are, that popular information with reference to the advantages of such emigration is scanty, and that there is an exaggerated fear of "yellow fever." If people in England only realised how enjoyable and reasonably free from risk existence in the West Indies is, we should hear less of the decrease in the numbers of the white race by the Caribbean Sea. Mr. Bulkeley's volume ought to do something to remove obstinate prejudice and apprehension, and to add to public enlightenment on the subject.

One of the more striking books published during the last two months is "Our Journey to the Hebrides" (Fisher Unwin), by Joseph Pennell and Elizabeth Robins Pennell. The greater part of this volume was originally published in *Harper's Magazine*, a fact which will account for the excellent illustrations with which the pages are lavishly strewn. However much the writers may have enjoyed their journey, they convey an impression of dreariness and desolation to the reader. Their work throws some side-light on the Crofter question, and in the course of its serial appearance was the cause of much lively criticism and controversy. We see no reason to doubt the *bona fides* of Mr. and Mrs. Pennell as independent observers. Whatever their failings in the realm of social politics, they have power of description, and an easy, pleasant style of narrative.

Entirely different in manner and treatment, though somewhat similar in its type of subject, is "Florida Days" (Longman), written by Miss Margaret Deland, author of "John Ward, Preacher," and illustrated by Mr. Louis K. Harlow. The author and artist introduce their work with a statement of motive and intent very similar to that with which Mr. Mallock opened his recent book on Cyprus. They have no such threadbare motive as information to excuse or commend their book. They seek to awake emotions so that the reader may complete the picture drawn for himself, "to strike the keynote of a harmony which such soul may fulfil." The word-painting and the illustrations are worthy of each other, and alike are excellent. We quote the following, but a part unfortunately, of a portrayal of daybreak by a tropical sea:—"Dawn sucks the flame of the morning star into itself—a flake of light, sparkling, white and severe, then lost for very brightness! It is as though the star were itself the dawn, for no one sees it die. Then, from behind the curve of the world a rim of gold lifts and widens, and a quivering column of fire shoots up and down, into the air, and into the water, which is as luminous as a green crystal. That leap up of the sun is as glad as a child's laugh; it is as a renewal of the world's youth. The waves crowd and shout to welcome him as he comes, stepping gloriously from crest to crest across the sea. A spark flashing through each curving billow that beckons him along, lengthens and widens, until a golden path quivers from the horizon to the shore." We seem to breathe the atmosphere of tropic forest and waterway, whether of noontide or of midnight, as we follow Miss Deland in her glowing narrative. The loveliness and warmth of colour of the scenes through which she and the artist wander stand in refreshing contrast to the bleak existence which Mr. and Mrs. Pennell delineate.

A great deal of valuable experience about Polynesia is placed at the public disposal in "Through Atolls and Islands in the Great South Sea" (Sampson Low), by Mr. Frederick J. Moss, Member of



A DRAWING PRESENTED TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES, PRESIDENT OF THE INSTITUTION, AS A MEMENTO OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S SPECIAL VISIT TO THE GYMNASIUM



P. Renouard

FREE DINNERS TO POOR CHILDREN—THE DINNER TABLE AT ST. PHILIP'S, STEPNEY

the House of Representatives, New Zealand. The "Great South Sea" has been a region of romance from the day when De Balboa, in 1513, so named the new ocean which burst upon his view as he gazed to the south from the hills above Panama. The exploits of buccaneers, the work of explorers and missionaries, the strange customs, together with the grace, kindness, and ferocity of the islanders, have been the theme of many a well-known writer. This state of things is rapidly disappearing before the advent of a more sober era of commerce. Mr. Moss had opportunities of observing both epochs. He has had thirty years' practical acquaintance with the peoples and the island paradises of which he writes. His book is an especially interesting one, none the less because it is trustworthy. As he tells us, he has set down nothing without careful inquiry or the best assurance of its substantial truth. He is so careful to avoid the suspicion attaching to travellers' tales, that he declines to indulge our curiosity as to the wonderful aquatic exploits of the islanders of the Penrhyn Lagoon. "As my readers," he writes, "have not seen these things, I refrain from tawing their faith, and leave these and other extraordinary exploits to be recounted by some future visitor." His volume has its instructiveness and entertainment enhanced by a good map and numerous illustrations from photographs.

Mrs. J. E. Pantou has written "Nooks and Corners" (Ward and Downey) as a companion volume to "From Kitchen to Garret." There is any amount of useful suggestion to be found here by housewives anxious to make the domestic interior as full of convenience and beauty as is feasible. Its teaching will, however, be most likely to bear fruit where the head of the house has a comfortable balance at his banker's. The author gives pleasantly any number of hints which may help the well-to-do householder to make the most of the possibilities of the dwelling. Chapters are devoted to "Moving House," "Halls and Passages," "Nooks and Corners," "The Billiard-Room and Library," "The Girls' Room," and so on, nor are such high family functions as christenings and weddings forgotten. Mrs. Pantou has added to the interest of the book by many illustrations meant to bring home her meanings to the eye.

Very valuable are Colonel Heber Drury's "Reminiscences of Life and Sport in Southern India" (W. H. Allen). The author has a good deal to tell of the peoples and customs, as well as of the sport to be found in Travancore and the countries not very far north of Cape Cormorin. It would perhaps surprise an Englishman, he observes, suddenly landing on the coast of Travancore, and whose imagination may previously have imbibed notions of the dusky races of Hindostan, to come in contact with the elegant forms and fair complexions of the high-caste natives. "I have always found them," says Colonel Drury, "to be most courteous and affable in their bearing, and, in regard to their social qualities, fit to hold their own against any Europeans." This is a very fairly entertaining little book of hunting travel.

Mr. George Russell gives us "Sunshine and a Cup of Tea" (R. Grant, Edinburgh), and under this title conveys a lot of information about Ceylon. He derides the tourist who lands at Colombo, runs by train to Candy and back, and then imagines he knows all about the prosperous Crown Colony. He claims for it a much more assiduous attention. When this is bestowed by any one, he will, according to Mr. Russell, exclaim on leaving the present domicile of Arabi, in the words of Marco Polo, "It is the finest island in the world!"

A book likely to be very useful to all who may have to do with the sick room is Mrs. Dacre Craven's "A Guide to District Nurses" (Macmillan). This lady is admirably qualified to afford instruction on the subject.—Mr. Leo Kofler writes "The Art of Breathing as the Basis of Tone-Production" (Trübner). He claims for it that it is a book indispensable to singers, elocutionists, and, in fact, to all persons who desire to possess a pleasant voice and good health.—We have also received Mr. John G. Speed's "The Education of Man, and Other Essays" (The Authors' Co-operative Publishing Company, Limited), and Mr. Emil Staub's "Ready Reckoner, or Universal Tables for Calculating the Structures of Cotton, Woollen, Worsted, Linen, Silk, and Mixed Fabrics" (George Thomas and Co., Manchester).

CHRISTMAS DAY

SORROW banished, tears forbidden,
Gla: some all—the young and old—
Aye forgotten, youth remembered,
Silver seeming turned to gold!
Listen to the merry prattle
Of the children as they play—
O, it does one good to hear it—
On the Eve of Christmas Day!

How the aged face is lighted
With the smile of bygone years;
Though e'en now the heart is saddened,
This is not the time for tears.
Lovingly that face is hidden,
Lest a quivering lip betray
Anguish for a loved one taken
On another Christmas Day.

On the deep, a lonely sailor,
Watching 'neath the starry dome,
Hears in fancy loving voices
Bidding him a "Welcome home!"
Blithely singing as the breezes
Waft his barque across the spray;
Happy song of happy sailor,
"I'll be home for Christmas Day."

Enter softly—'tis the chamber,
Where a dying saint reclines;
O, what sweet and heavenly brightness
O'er that brow of marble shines.
Swiftly now is Earth's life ebbing—
Listen! Hear what he would say;
Bend your ear: he smiles, and whispers
"I'll be Home on Christmas Day."

Joyfully the bells are ringing—
Ringing o'er the frosty air;
Hymns of praise to Heaven ascending,
Mankind's gratitude declare.
Foes forgiven, friends united;
Penitent, we calmly pray—
Hark! the midnight hour is chiming,
"Happy, happy Christmas Day!"

H. J. H.

PARISIAN ARTISTS have been much alarmed by the Government proposing to hold the Salons in the Fine Art Palace retained from the Exhibition, instead of at the Palais de l'Industrie. A deputation of prominent artists accordingly interviewed the Fine Art Minister, and pointed out that the Champ de Mars would be too far for the majority of the Salon visitors, who would only come once, instead of dropping in frequently for an hour or two to the convenient Palace in the Champs Elysées. The change would have been disastrous to the Salon finances, so the Government have given up their plan.

ROUND CAPE HORN IN MIDWINTER

"SHADES of Frohisher and Drake, has it come to this?" exclaims our *compagnon de voyage*. "We are in the region *par excellence* of winds, storms, and rain—perpetual gales and eternal rains—the very Court of Æolus, yet gazing out through plate glass upon one of the weirdest spectacles in the world with as much unconcern and luxurious comfort as though regarding it from the windows of any well-appointed club in Pall Mall!" Such are the conditions of modern travel that, without effort, we see from the luxuriously-cushioned saloon or music-room of an ocean mail ship of the highest class that which the great ones gone looked upon as the Blue Ribbon class of their order, if so be they should set eyes on it but once. The eye turns from the sumptuously-appointed apartment within, heated to a soft temperature by skillfully-arranged hot-water pipes, lighted with the electric light, and fitted with all the sybaritic appurtenances of a first-class hotel, to a spectacle without of mountain ranges, snowy peaks, and icy glaciers, with a half-feeling of unreality as the wintry panorama of the wild Terra del Fuegan coast unfolds itself while we steam rapidly along.

It is a cold sunny day, bright with that steely brightness characteristic of midwinter. We have been steaming across the lonely South Pacific Ocean for the past fortnight, the days growing shorter and shorter, until sixteen hours of darkness in every twenty-four becomes the minimum record, the latitude approaching the Antarctic Circle, the solitude unbroken by a single object, a lonely albatross excepted. Eagerly welcome, then, is the Alpine panorama that swims into our ken! Rounding Cape Horn—popularly supposed to be merely doubling the farthest extremity of South America—is so often accomplished without sighting any portion of the interesting scenes it includes that such a close view as we were privileged to behold is of very rare occurrence. The Hermite Islands first come into sight, Cape Horn being the southernmost point of the southernmost of these islands. The whole coast of Terra del Fuego, indeed, from Cape Pillar on the Pacific side, right round to the Atlantic, is composed of an immense number of islands. The height of the coast above the sea is but from 2,000 feet to 4,000 feet, but the distant snowy ranges reach at Sarmiento a height of 7,000 feet. The "Horn"—a small rocky island—is seen to stand out slightly in advance of a congeries of mountainous islands, one succeeding another, and overlapping each other, so as to appear at a distance an unbroken coast-line, while it is really a large archipelago of snow-clad mountainous islands, intersected by innumerable sounds and bays of great extent. The land in the vicinity of Hermite Island, as we approach nearer, becomes very impressive, its outline presenting a long series of peaks following each other in regular succession, not unlike the jagged outline of the Cuchullins in Skye, seen from Loch Seavaig. The cliffs and clefts, glaciers, and vast snowfields present the same apparently unbroken coast-line, while really intersected in every direction by a network of channels, sounds, and estuaries, appearing—as remarked by Darwin—from their gloominess to lead beyond the confines of the world. Though the higher distant land is covered with perpetual snow, the heights close to the sea are thickly wooded towards the east, though barren on the westward, owing to the prevailing winds; but all these valleys are exposed to tremendous squalls coming from the heights.

When immediately abreast of it, the great, almost perpendicular, rock called Cape Horn rises out of the wild waste of waters like a sea Sphinx. It looms out large and dark against a background of snow-clad mountains, as, from its sharp steepness, resembling the face of the Matterhorn, the snow cannot lie upon it, and its elongated outline, gradually rising in a rounded form at one end, certainly bears some rough resemblance to that of a lion in repose, so fancifully attributed to it by sailors. Recent survey has discovered its height to be 1,400 feet, though it had hitherto stood at 500 feet in the Admiralty charts.

Soon the dark perpendicular cliffs of the Horn diminish as rapidly as they came into sight, and also Naverin Island, Hardy Peninsula, Wollaston Island, and Franklin Sound, but the whole coast-line to the Atlantic is before us, and there is yet the most interesting portion of the way to dwell upon. As the sun rises higher the glistening summits of the mountains change from the early flush of dawn through every gradation to that of dazzling white. A vast panorama unfolds itself as we steam along well within range of everything. Mount Hyde is sufficiently distinct from its rounded apex, and Kater's Peak from its conical form and very pointed summit. Vast fields of virgin snow stretch away on either hand, and beyond, other distant peaks and pinnacles are just dimly seen, but which we know must be those which line the waterway of the Magellan Straits. The Barnevelt Isles next come into view to the south of the Evonts Isles, lying off the mouth of Nassau Bay, from which Ponsonby Sound leads to the famed Beagle Channel, discovered as late as 1830. It lies, as every one knows, between the Horn and the Straits of Magellan, and though easy of access, is useless to ships, though boats may sometimes profit by its straight course and smooth water, running as it does for nearly one hundred and twenty miles in a straight line between snowy mountains. The island next seen is Deceit Island, the "Mistaken Cape" of Captain Cook. Around it are rocks all above water, and away to the S.E. a cluster rising to nearly 40 feet above the sea. It has been sometimes mistaken for Cape Horn. Next we pass Valentyn Bay, and between this and Aguirre Bay the Campana, or Bell Mountain, is seen in the distance. Spaniard Harbour, just beyond, has a very melancholy history, for there it was that Captain Allen F. Gardiner, R.N., Dr. Williams, and a party of zealous missionaries perished miserably of starvation between June and September, 1851. A range of high mountains runs almost uninterruptedly from the Barbara Channel to the Strait of Le Maire, for which we are steering. Mount Sarmiento, a peak of 7,000 feet high, and also Mount Darwin, are in this range.

By noon we are passing through the Strait, the mainland of Terra del Fuego on our left hand, Staten Island, discovered by Schouten and Le Maire in 1616, on our right. As we steamed away from these desolate lands the wind rose, and a few gusts from off the shore gave us a taste of its bitterly cruel nature. Rock Deceit sent us a whiff, Kater's Peak a blast of its strongest, and Mount Darwin a current that curdled the heart within us, and in the Strait we had a parting shiver. But then it is midwinter!

On emerging from the Strait of Le Maire, we have yet one more interesting sight ere making for the open sea. On the mainland of Terra del Fuego a high bluff cape comes into view, and an outlying singular rock looking like a ship under full sail, and beyond again a great bay with a dense forest stretching down to the water's edge. It is a famous spot. The projecting headland is Cape Good Success, and the harbour is Good Success Bay, where the great navigator, Captain Cook, together with Sir Joseph Banks, sojourned so long in 1769. It is a fine bay, some two miles wide, extending into the land westward by another, two-and-a-half miles. Elevated lands of about 1,200 feet high surround the bay. Dr. Darwin says:—"The harbour consists of a piece of water half surrounded by low, rounded mountains of clay-slate, which are covered to the water's edge by one dense, gloomy forest. A single glance at the landscape was sufficient to show me how widely different it was from anything I had ever beheld. One side of the harbour is formed by a hill about 1,500 feet high, which Captain Fitzroy has called after Sir Joseph Banks, in memory of his disastrous expedition."

And now we are away into the open sea, and these lonely regions fade from our view. The rapidity of modern travel was well illustrated in the swift changes of temperature. The warmth increased

daily, doors and windows, openings and apertures of all kinds mysteriously appeared in the most unexpected places, glorious summer came at a single bound, and one morning the whole ship's company appeared clad in white. In a few days, as we cast anchor in the beautiful harbour of Rio de Janeiro, amidst the marvellous tropical luxuriance and colour of the South American flora, we could scarcely believe that but a week ago we were gazing at the desolate shores, the virgin peaks, the blue glaciers, and vast snow-fields of Terra del Fuego!

S. T.



PERSONS who have not yet had enough of Allan Quatermain will assuredly revel in Mr. Rider Haggard's collection of incidents in the life of his favourite hero under the title of "Allan's Wife; and Other Tales" (1 vol.: Spencer Blackett), profusely illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen and Charles Kerr. All the four stories are supposed to be told by Allan himself, who apparently finds no difficulty in maintaining his reputation for narrative which would have made Herodotus open his eyes. The subject of the first and most important is the more than a little repulsive one of a creature who is half woman and half baboon. She can talk English as an acquired language; but her natural speech is that of the grotesque creatures whom she resembles partially in face and form, and wholly in her acrobatic genius, her instincts, her sympathies, and her brutality. A taste for monsters is certainly essential to the enjoyment of the story, in addition to one for wholesale massacre. And, as both tastes are common enough, no doubt "Allan's Wife" (who, by the way, is not the baboon woman, but the monster's victim) is likely to take a high position among the works of its author. Of the other stories, one is of killing a buffalo, and all three of killing lions, with a few other slaughters, that of a native among them, thrown in; but, after the wholesale business of "Allan's Wife," they seem trivial and tame. On the whole a reader whose taste has not been cultivated up to the proper point by a regular course of Allan Quatermain will scarcely find his latest volume exhilarating.

The anonymous author of "Zit and Xoe" and "Lady Bluebeard" has, in "Dr. Hermione" (1 vol.: W. Blanchard and Sons), produced a sort of adaptation of Tennyson's "Princess" to the period of Giron, Doctresses, and—of course—the Soudanese War. The story, of which the general drift may be guessed from the hint we have given, is exceedingly slight, but its weakness in point of interest is compensated to a remarkable degree by charm of style and method. The characters, moreover, having exceedingly little to do, do that little with a grace and an effect altogether out of proportion to its importance. In one or two points, however, "Dr. Hermione" has claims to be considered something more than a pleasant trifle, as in the gradual discovery of Hermione and Edith that they are women before they are doctors, and that they cannot graduate themselves even out of their girlhood. Of course this is not very original; but it is very well and brightly done.

"Master of His Fate," by J. MacLaren Cobban (1 vol.: W. Blackwood and Sons), belongs to the weird and wonderful region of fiction in which, for aught one can tell to the contrary, an arch-deacon may turn out to be a secret ghoul, and the mildest of his curates an ogre in disguise. The apparently delightful and amiable young man who plays the rôle of Mr. Cobban's hero is nothing less than a vampire; and not any common vampire either, not the walking corpse of orthodox legend, but a living person, with a secret method of renewing his vitality at the expense of other people's. At first, indeed, vegetable life serves his purpose; but he has to take his doses of vitality stronger and stronger, until at last he becomes what connoisseurs of the ghastly will do well to discover for themselves at first hand. The story, as well as its exceedingly appropriate disentanglement and close, is told in the style best befitting such a subject, and is interesting in itself as well as an illustration of the rather morbid current taste for disguising what would once have been nursery tales as science and psychology—in fact, as a specimen of nineteenth-century dæmonology; which is a much more serious thing than it pretends to be. The numerous people who more than half believe in this sort of fiction have certainly been presented by Mr. Cobban with fresh food for their further mystification.

The anonymous "Chronicle of Two Months" (1 vol.: Bentley and Son) is by no means alone in apparently owing some of its inspiration, either at first or second-hand, to "Wuthering Heights." The Hazlit family, of the Owlery, as described by Mrs. Markensfield, can scarcely be the result of original observation, while their acceptance of no law or principle but some uncivilised master-passion suggests only one model. The tone of the novel, which is unquestionably interesting, can best be described as a sort of creeping expectancy—we fancy most readers will understand the phrase without explanation. Something is always going to happen, and one can never guess what, beyond that it is certain to be uncomfortable if it does happen, and, if it does not, that the failure will only give rise to fresh expectancy of the same kind. It is this being perpetually kept on tenter-hooks that sustains interest rather than any particular skill in construction or power of portraiture, though in this last matter there is no noticeable deficiency during perusal. It is not until curiosity is satisfied that one feels how much better it all might have been.

A good deal of amusement is to be found in George H. Jessop's "Gerald French's Friends" (1 vol.: Longman and Co.), a collection of sketches chiefly concerned with the natural history of the Californian Irishman. Decidedly the best of them is "The Rise and Fall of The Irish Aigle," a journalistic experience, from which we gather that the truculent patriotism of the Irishman of the Pacific Coast is, after all, but a sort of conventional and harmless effervescence, closely connected with a determination of whisky to the brain. The humour of this sketch is of the good old rollicking order, with a dash of scorn in it to give it flavour. "An Old Man from the Old Country" is also an admirable piece of eccentric portraiture, with more than a touch of pathos in the character of the queer old man who, though he had made a fortune as an American citizen, cannot lay aside his hereditary veneration for one of "the citizen, cannot lay aside his hereditary veneration for one of 'the grand old stock,' and in his mingling of shrewdness and impulse, vanity and ignorance, cunning and simplicity. Luke Quinn might easily have borne on his shoulders the entire weight of a three-volume novel.

CHRISTMAS FLORAL DECORATIONS in the United States form a most important branch of winter trade. All kinds of green stuff are brought from the country districts to the chief towns, and for two months before, hundreds of people are busy weaving graceful grasses into garlands for New York. These grasses are very perishable, and must be stored in cool warehouses, as chances of temperature or very warm weather will ruin the more delicate species. The grey moss which clothes the Southern trees is a great favourite, being very durable, and toning well with the brighter green decorations. The American mistletoe comes in cartloads from the South, being found as far west as Texas, and northward from New Jersey to Illinois, while the holly flourishes best along the Canadian border and in the New England States, although it exists in less profusion further south than Virginia.

TABLEAUX VIVANTS

A FEW years back there was a fashionable "boom" in *tableaux vivants*. Ladies and gentlemen of even the first position seemed bitten with a mania for putting themselves, not only in the second and third positions, but every other position of which the human frame is capable. The "boom" has hardly subsided, and probably next season again we shall have the cloak of a distressed charity, or a founded fund, thrown over the exercises of obliging neophytes in the plastic Art. But *tableaux vivants* were known before the "boom," and will no doubt always continue popular in certain sections of society.

There is nothing to wonder at in this, when we consider the many advantages they offer. One is, that when time is short you can get them up in a greater hurry than you can a play. You cannot get up a play seriously under three dozen rehearsals, and four dozen are better; but if you choose *tableaux* instead, you may conceive the idea, draw up the programme, and select the characters on a Monday, spend Tuesday in ransacking the house and the local drapers for materials, rehearse all Wednesday, and produce your entertainment with great success on Wednesday night. This you could hardly do with a play of Shakespeare's, though all amateurs play Shakespeare instinctively; while in the case of a modern comedy requiring "finish" it would be utterly impossible.

Another advantage of *tableaux vivants* is that you can use up in them a vast quantity of raw material which you could not utilise in a play. They offer, for instance, a splendid field for the talents of all the pretty women, of which every circle boasts a large stock. It is to be suspected, indeed, that the inventor of *tableaux vivants* was a cynic, and had the pretty woman especially in his eye. One can imagine him wickedly saying to himself, "What a lovely girl is Miss Green! How adorable she looks! If I can only contrive to get her on the stage, and never to open her mouth,"—but we will not pursue further the base suggestion.

Anyhow the fact remains that the pretty woman is simply ravishing as "Mary Queen of Scots going to Execution," or cheeking John Knox; inimitable as Grace Darling taking stroke, and looking over her shoulder at the table lamp which does duty for the lighthouse; a perfect realisation of the poet's dream when she appears as "Elaine the Fair, Elaine the Loveable;" whereas, if she had lines to speak, and a part to play, she might—we only say she might, perhaps in one case out of a million—spoil the illusion. It is the same with your fine-looking men, who are as plentiful as blackberries. You can trust them to be magnificent as Cœur de Lion smiting the Saracen, or Front de Boeuf running after Rebecca over the tiles, when, if they had to speak, they might let down those characters from their proper heroic level right down to Bond Street.

And you can utilise in *tableaux* not only the pretty women and fine-looking men, but also the oddities and eccentricities of personality, if there be any among the company. There are those two sweet Miss Tabbses of fifty-five, with corkscrew ringlets; they, joined with Mrs. MacStinger, will be a perfect scream as the "Three Old Maids of Lee." Mrs. Broadbeam again, has got exactly the face of placid resignation to suit "Marie Antoinette in Prison," and by a careful arrangement of armchairs, antimacassars, screens, and a very large-patterned carpet, you can reduce her visible size to quite romantic proportions. You can do great things with noses also. If there is a gentleman with a broken nose, you can have "The Landing of William of Orange" done to perfection, while an eagle nose will come in splendidly for "The Meeting of Wellington and Blucher at Waterloo." Of course you have to be careful how you make the proposition in certain cases. You must not go and say bluntly to Jones, "Jones, you have got a rare old ass's head, so I've put Bottom in the *tableaux* especially for you!" You have to say, as if struck by a sudden thought, "Ah! we must have 'Titania and Bottom;' now, as every one else is full, would you mind obliging us, dear Mr. Jones?"

Another great advantage of *tableaux* is that they offer really good parts for all. The great difficulty of casting plays is, of course, your inability to provide leading characters for everybody. "Aut Caesar aut nullus" is the sacred motto of all who "reluctantly consent to appear," and the more reluctantly, the more do they hold to it. But *tableaux* are easily arranged so as to give every one a show. A man does not mind playing a minion in one picture, if he knows that ten minutes hence he will be "Tell Shooting the Apple" or "Ajax Defying the Lightning;" for while he is a minion his mind rests on that cross-bow, or that uplifted biceps, as on a bed of roses. A lady, too, will condescend, with the best grace in the world, to appear in one scene as a lady-in-waiting, provided she is down in the bill also as Joan of Arc or Princess Ida.

Some people are rather afraid of getting up *tableaux vivants* on account of the numerous dresses and extensive properties required; but, if you get hold of the right sort of man for *entrepreneur*, these difficulties vanish in a moment. The man with the true *tableau* blood in his veins is not daunted by trifles, and to see him at work fills you with respectful admiration for his Napoleonic qualities. His principle is to make his holes to fit his pegs. We have given a hint above as to how he manages this with regard to his performers. He carries out the same principle in other ways. He goes round the premises, and everything he sees there is suggestive to him. He notes, for instance, a tiger-skin rug in the hall, and sees at once that it will be just the very thing for a *tableau*—"Hercules Strangling the Nemean Lion," with Pott, the stockbroker, as Hercules, and the tiger-skin with a bolster inside to do duty for the lion, "by the kind indulgence of," &c. The grandfather's clock in the kitchen of course suggests another touching *tableau*. Then there is the washing-tub in the scullery. The uninitiated would wonder what he could make out of that. Why "Nausicaa and her Maidens" busy on the river-bank, to be sure, with Ulysses doing the side-stroke at the third entrance. Then there is the Chinese gong in the hall—that suggests more than one effective *tableau*. Sounded at intervals, it will be just the thing for "Charles I. Going to Execution;" tinkled gently, it will do excellently for "Mathias and the Bells;" and played on as fiercely as possible by the page-boy, it suggests of itself the "Huguenot Massacre." If there is such a thing as a tent in the garden, "Richard III. and the Spectres" follow as a matter of course; while a lawn-tennis net, with three of the pretty young ladies grouped round it in sailor hats, will give "Three Fishers went Sailing" to the life. The *entrepreneur* would, however, still be nowhere without the help of one of those ladies who are clever at cutting and contriving. There is fortunately, as a rule, one of these on hand. Any mother of a large family with small means is priceless in this crisis. To a woman who has rigged Susan and Isabel for a whole summer out of Clara's mantle of the year before, or for a pair of father's old boots in the oven till they fitted Johnny to a hair, there is no difficulty in metamorphosing ordinary garments into anything on the stage or off it, or in devising the most gorgeous dresses and striking costumes at a trifling cost. She would produce the robes for a coronation ceremony out of five shillings' worth of unredeemed pledges, if necessary.

There is just one little point respecting *tableaux* as to which we would venture to offer a word of advice. *Tableaux* naturally divide themselves into two broad classes—the impressive and the humorous. You want to have some of both sorts, of course, in order not only to vary the entertainment, but to give everybody a chance, as there are people with faces and expressions completely adapted to the one who would be entirely out of place in the other. Well, great care should be taken to arrange the serious and comic pieces

in the programme alternately, like the fresh and stale sandwiches in a refreshment-room pile, so that one may help to work off the other. After Oliver Cromwell has ordered out the bauble, the perfect *entrepreneur* puts on "Mrs. Gamp and Betsy," which he follows with "Pygmalion and Galatea," and then "Smith Seeking the Keyhole at 2 A.M." This plan is not always consistently followed, but it should be. It prevents any trouble in the minds of the audience as to which is serious and which is comic—that is, if they will only keep count properly.

R. T. G.



MESSRS. B. MOCATTA AND CO.—Half-a-dozen songs which will take their turns in the drawing-room, where there is an insatiable demand for "something new," are "Never to Meet," a sentimental love song, written and composed by G. Clifton Bingham and E. M. Flavell; "I Wait for Thee!" words by William Toynbee, music by H. Bemberg; "The Turned-Down Page," words and music by Harriet Kendal; "The Beauteous Flowers," written and composed by A. J. Marriott and C. H. R. Marriott, a simple song for the schoolroom; "Bird That Art Singing," words by Mrs. Hemans, music by Ernest R. Newton, of the same useful type as the above; and last, but most original of the group, "The Lovers of Linger Lane," a piquant encore song, written and composed by G. S. Jealous and Max Maile.

MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS AND CO.—"Album of Sixteen Hungarian Songs," with English translations by Madame Zerffi, edited and arranged by Madame Berger-Henderson, is well worthy the attention of singers of cultivated taste, who will find more than one gem in this unique collection.—"Ye Mariners of England," a naval ode, by Thomas Campbell, has been set to music by Edmondstone Duncan for chorus and orchestra, he has done his work in a musicianly manner. This ode will be found well suited for the first part of a popular concert.—A very charming song, which will make a favourable impression wherever it is well sung, is "My Pretty Bird," the words translated from the German by Theo Marzials; music by Halfdan Kjemlf.—"Now in the Flush of Night" is a pleasing song from the drama *As I Lay to the Oak*, written and composed by J. R. Robinson and G. F. Blatch.—A quaint love song, published in two keys, is "Bid Me Only Know," words by Mowbray Morris, music by Otto Cantor; there is a very good German version by Dr. Friedmann.—"May Time," words by Maud Blackett, music by Ernest Clair Ford, is a simple song of a conventional type.—There is no lack of originality in "Deux Morceaux Caractéristiques," Spanish national songs for the pianoforte, by J. Albeniz. No. 1 is "Jota Aragonesa," No. 2 "Tango."—"Little Sweetheart" is a pretty valse on the popular song of that name, by H. Martyn Van Lennep.

J. BATH.—This publisher sends us a capital collection of comic songs, which will prove a welcome gift to amateur singers who have a vein of humour in their natures. At the head of the school of comic composers is George Grossmith, who can not only write and compose a humorous song, but can sing it admirably into the bargain. Of two very laughable songs, which are unique in their way, "Thou of My Thou" (a fashionable love-song) is the funniest, and would defy the gravest of the grave to refrain from a genuine and hearty laugh. "The Truth, or Something Near It" (a humorous song à la Arthur Roberts) is droll, but unequal to its companion. These two songs are taken from the musical sketch, "Modern Music and Morals." A third song by the above-named poet and composer is "The Autocratic Gardener," from the musical sketch, "Away for My Health."—A brace of very humorous songs, written, composed, and sung by the inimitable Corney Grain, are taken from his new musical sketch, "A Day's Sport," the one is "Banjo Mania" (with an additional banjo accompaniment), the other is "The Old Couple's Polka." Both are established favourites, and will meet with a hearty reception at a Christmas party.—"The Trombone," words by Edward Draper, arranged with symphonies and accompaniments by E. Frank Lambert, is a tale of the woes, sufferings, and tragic decease of an unfortunate trombone player.—"The Popular Composer," a musical skit, written, composed, and sung by W. Cecil Barnard, good-naturedly caricatures the various schools of composition, ancient and modern.—"The Gentleman in Grey," written and composed by Brandon Thomas, is the last comic song on our list; it leans more to the serio-comic style than the humorous *pur sang*.—Two songs which are well suited for encores to more pretentious ballads are "The Heart That Wins," written and composed by Frederic E. Weatherly and Lovett King, and "Honesty," words by Arthur Chapman, music by Gilbert Campbell.—A "Berceuse" for violin and pianoforte, by Val. Marriott, is brief and melodious; it will take well at a Christmas gathering.

NOTES FROM THE "MINORS"

I RECENTLY heard an esteemed friend of mine dilate exhaustively on a certain epoch in the history of the Strand Theatre, known to me only by report, when that little Temple of Momus enjoyed a prosperous career under the able management of Mrs. Swanborough. "Never," pursued my informant, with a sigh of regret, "shall we see such another burlesque company assembled together within four walls! 'Jimmy' Rogers, 'Little' Clarke, 'Father' Bland and Byron, Mrs. Selby, the best comic 'old woman' on the stage, Marie Wilton, gay as a lark and bright as a sunbeam, arch Patty Oliver and winsome Fanny Josephs, Charlotte Saunders and Eleanor Bufton! There is a list for you, and where will you match it?"

Several hundred miles having separated me from the Strand at the period in question, I could only accept my friend's gush of enthusiasm *de confiance*, my own recollections of the little theatre being considerably anterior to his, and dating from 1836, when, as its manager and leading actor, Mr. J. Hammond reigned supreme. In that year I saw Douglas Jerrold for the first and last time on the boards as the hero of his own one-act play, *The Painter of Ghent*, a lugubrious drama, singularly ill-suited to the theatre; it ran only a few nights, and was, in truth, a melancholy and depressing spectacle. Far more to the taste of the audience was the capital parody, *Othello Travestie*, excellently played by the lessee in the title-part, Harry Hall as an Irish Iago, and Miss Daly. Hammond was a lively, bustling actor, with a keen sense of humour, and great versatility of talent; those who have seen his Filch in *The Beggar's Opera* speak highly of the performance, and he was undoubtedly the best Sam Weller on the stage. He sang agreeably, though without much voice, and was exceedingly droll in the famous handkerchief scene, his mock bravura air,

A gipsy woman, whose name was Powell,
To my poor moder did gib dis towel,

rarely failing to elicit an *encore*. There exists, by the way, a scarce lithographic portrait of him and Miss Daly in this identical scene; the likenesses are perfect; and the attitudes of both artists admirably hit off. What a charming Desdemona was Ellen Daly! I fancy I hear her now warbling in an ultra-sentimental tone,

I'll tell you why I loved the black,

and then, with a captivating archness which more than atoned for the absurdity of the refrain, convulsing the whole house by her semi-humorous, semi-pathetic delivery of the inevitable "Too! too! too!" It was the perfection of graceful burlesque.

Qui trop embrasse mal étreint, runs the old saying, and it would have been well for Hammond if he had bethought himself of it, before risking his hardly-earned gains in a speculation which could have but one result. Drury Lane Theatre was then, and for many years after, a perilous quicksand, fatal even to the boldest navigator; and the ex-lessee of the Strand proved no exception to the general rule. But are not managers proverbially sanguine, and did not a similar catastrophe await Vestris at Covent Garden?

From the Strand to the Surrey is a long stretch, and I can only call to mind a single visit to that transpontine establishment, somewhat over half a century ago. The attractions that drew me there were two in number; namely, Monsieur Gouffe, the man-monkey, as he was called in the bills, his real name being Goff, and T. D. Rice, the original "Jim Crow." Of the first, first, M. Gouffe's speciality, like that of Harvey Leach (Signor Hervio Nano, or the Gnome Fly), consisted in walking, or rather crawling, head downwards on the ceiling, not a particularly pleasant exhibition to witness, but a very lucrative novelty to the management—the house being crammed from pit to gallery. Although evidently nervous, "Monsieur" got through his task creditably enough, encouraged, no doubt, by the frantic applause of a friend occupying a front place among the "gods," who kept on shouting—"Bravo Goff, see what a Hinglishman can do!"

The great excitement of the evening, however, was yet to come. No sooner had the orchestra struck up the popular air, than cheers broke out from all parts of the theatre, and on Rice's appearance the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds. Nevertheless, I cannot say that his performance, either as actor or singer, in any way justified the accounts I had heard of his humour and originality; his voice was disagreeably husky, and the monotonous "wheel about" at the close of every verse soon became insufferably tedious, and seemed to me altogether inferior in drollery to the characteristic dance of Walbourn as Dusty Bob in *Tom and Jerry*. Be this as it may, "Jim Crow" was undoubtedly an immense hit for the time being, and served as pioneer to the interminable series of negro songs, such as, "Sich a gittin' up Stairs," "Coal Black Rose," "Jim along Josey," and the like, which have successively inundated London; by far the most attractive of them, to my mind, being the simple and really charming melody "Lucy Neal."

In the days when the little theatre near Tottenham Court Road, destined in after years to rise like Phoenix under the Bancroft régime, was called the Queen's or, more irreverently, the "Dust-hole," I was tempted one evening thither by the announcement of somebody's benefit, on which occasion the veteran Braham, Elton, and Mrs. Nisbett had volunteered their services. The two latter appeared in *The Delusion*, adapted from Mélesville's *Elle est Folle*, a domestic drama calculated rather to depress than to exhilarate the spectator, turning on the mistaken idea of a husband that his wife had lost her reason, whereas the real madman was himself. Elton, whom I never saw again, the poor fellow having perished at sea shortly after, played his difficult part admirably, and my especial favourite, Louisa Nisbett, although she had not a single opportunity of displaying her most fascinating qualities, seconded him à merveille. Then came the *Waterman*, with Braham as Tom Tug, Oxberry (I think) as Robin, but as regards the Wilhelmina my memory is a hopeless blank. Mr. Sims Reeves has preserved his voice far longer than the majority of tenors have ever dreamt of doing, but even he must yield the palm of vocal longevity to Braham, who, although well in the "Seventies," fairly brought down the house with the "Bay of Biscay," which he sang with an energy and a purity of intonation perfectly marvellous at so advanced an age. This was my first and last visit to the "Dust-hole," until it became one of the most frequented and most fashionable theatres in London; to which latter epoch in its history, as it is still fresh in every one's recollection, I only allude *pour mémoire*.

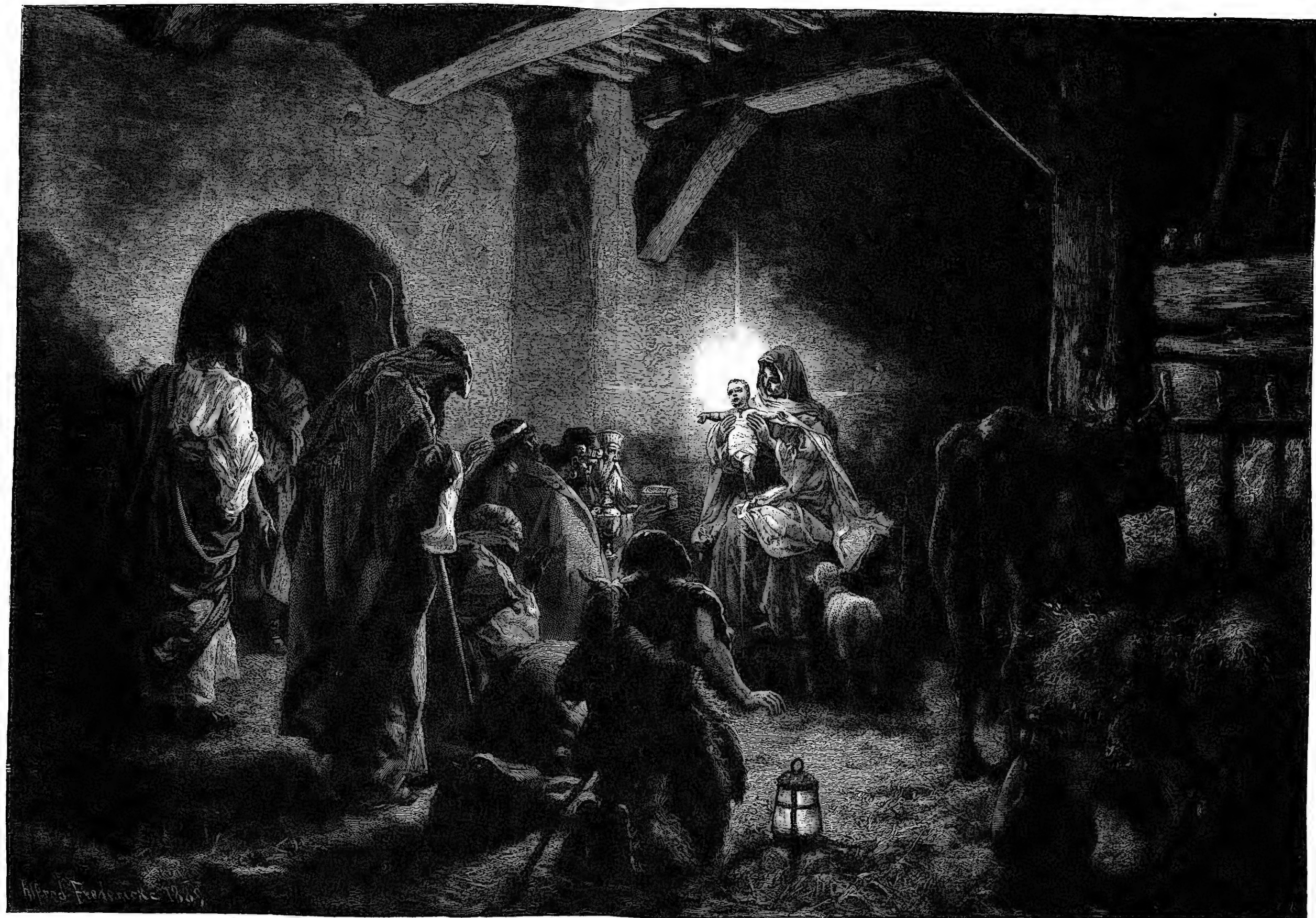
Of the Lyceum, at that period commonly known as the English Opera House, I have a little more to say. I can remember it as far back as 1834, when under the management of Arnold, and witnessed the production of Loder's opera, *Nourjahad*, and subsequently of John Barnett's *Mountain Sylph*. The last-named, full of bright and catching melodies, and excellently sung by Wilson, Henry Phillips, and Miss Romer, was deservedly successful, and—what was then considered an exceptional rarity—ran over fifty nights; a beautiful trio, "This magic-wave scarf," and Phillips's grand scena, "Farewell to the mountain," being justly regarded as the happiest efforts of their talented composer. I may add that the libretto was cleverly adapted from the ballet of "La Sylphide," Tagliani's greatest success, by T. J. Thackeray, a cousin of the novelist, the same who, some years later, in conjunction with M. Tournemine, produced at the Théâtre St. Antoine a French version of George Soane's *Junkeer's Daughter*, under the title of *L'Abbaye de Penmarck*.

The two above-mentioned operas were the only strictly musical productions I ever heard at this theatre, a little piece by Samuel Lover, in which Balfe sang "Molly Bawn" very sweetly, being hardly entitled to rank as such; the usual bill of fare, indeed, at the period in question chiefly consisted of drama and farce. The mainstays of the former class of entertainment were T. J. Serle, an earnest and intelligent actor, and a playwright of more than average merit, and the ever-delightful Mrs. Keeley, who in *Lucille*, *The Farmer's Story*, and Serle's own melodrama, *The Shadow on the Wall*, forcibly reminded me by her simple and touching pathos of her great predecessor in a similar line of parts, Fanny Kelly.

When Wrench and little Oxberry were in the cast, a farce must have been indeed a poor one not to "go." No such reproach could at any rate be addressed to John Oxenford, whose earliest efforts, *My Fellow Clerk* and *A Day Well Spent*, thanks to their own drollery, and to the talent of their interpreters, were greeted night after night with roars of laughter, and proved a never-failing attraction to half-price visitors. Wrench was, in truth, a host in himself; no actor knew better how to keep his audience in good humour, and to make every point in the dialogue tell. He was then getting on in years, having been early in the century a member of Tate Wilkinson's company at York, from whence he came to London, and made a tremendous hit as Corinthian Tom in *Tom and Jerry*. He and Harley, who joined in the Lyceum some time later, rivalled one another in popularity; but their style of acting was very different. Harley was a livelier, bustling comedian, with a tendency to exaggeration and mannerism; whereas Wrench's humour was quieter and more refined, although equally communicative and amusing. I do not think that the latter would have felt at home either as the hatter Cox, or as Don Ferolo Whiskerandos, and I am convinced that Harley would never have attempted Dudley Smooth. Each of them, however, was excellent in his particular line; and if, by way of wind up to these (I fear) "rudderless" reminiscences, I may be allowed a Paddyism, I have no hesitation in acknowledging a decided preference for—both!

C. H.

A PLAGUE OF RATS affects East Lothian. The vermin have damaged the potato, turnip, and other crops, and have honey-combed the roadsides with their holes, while the hundreds which have been killed make little difference in their numbers. Accordingly, a public meeting is to be held in Haddington to devise measures for eradicating the rats.



"THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM"
FROM A PAINTING BY ALFRED FREDERICKS



THE Christmas holidays cause a temporary lull in public affairs throughout Europe, where politics are just now secondary to domestic festivities and to the influenza epidemic. PORTUGAL forms the exception, thanks to the dispute with England over African troubles. Though the first heat of the discussion has moderated, the Portuguese public oppose most firmly any yielding to England, while the Government endeavours to appease popular opinion without offending Great Britain. Lord Salisbury's fresh Note is stated to be a firm, though courteous, demand that Portugal should explain her action in East Africa at once, and repudiate Major Serpa Pinto's conduct, besides giving full reparation. The Note is based largely upon Bishop Smythies' report from Zanzibar. In reply, the Portuguese Foreign Minister is equally amicable, but temporises by requesting delay to obtain further information. Fresh news to hand at present supports the British view of the case, and the outlook is regarded as sufficiently serious to warrant three British warships being sent to Delagoa Bay. Major Serpa Pinto collected an imposing army to crush the Makololo and establish Portuguese dominion, his forces consisting of several thousand well-armed men, with a battery of powerful guns and three steamers, while the expedition was provisioned for three months. He expected to complete his work by December, and return to Europe. On their side the Portuguese persist that the Makololo, instigated by the English, attacked Major Pinto first, and that the British missionaries have throughout oppressed the natives and acted unfairly towards the Portuguese. Their opinion only finds favour in France, where the national jealousy of England prompts ill-feeling; while Germany and Austria side warmly with Great Britain in the dispute. The Portuguese Government are much hampered in their course of action by the dangerous condition of national sentiment. The young King has not yet had time to acquire any popular influence, while the Republicans, encouraged by the Revolution in BRAZIL, assume a threatening attitude. They intend to issue a manifesto to the country declaring that it is time to do away with the indignity Portugal suffers under a Monarchical form of Government. Not that the present result of Republicanism in Brazil warrants much congratulation. Notwithstanding the optimistic telegrams sent to Europe by the Brazilian Finance Minister, explaining away all rumours of discontent and disturbance, it is obvious that the position is grave enough. Military revolts and financial insecurity are poor guarantees of national peace and prosperity, while the singular postponement of the general elections to September 15th shows that the Provisional Government are in no hurry to hand over their powers to an authority selected by the true national voice. As the Constituent Assembly would not meet before November 15th, General Fonseca and his colleagues have plenty of time to work further mischief. They have begun by formally decreeing the banishment of Dom Pedro and the Imperial Family, confiscating his property, and suspending his annual income, hoping to force the Emperor to abdicate. His Majesty, however, has not even been told of this attack as yet, on account of his health, and the Emperor and Empress have left Lisbon on their way to the Riviera.

FRANCE is in a very spiritless condition, suffering from reaction after political excitement and the Exhibition, while the general atmosphere of illness in Paris exercises a most depressing influence on public affairs. Little work of importance could be done in the Chamber, owing to the Ministers being laid up one by one with influenza. Indeed an important interpellation on the Newfoundland cod fisheries had to be deferred through the Foreign Minister's indisposition. This question is again assuming importance, the French complaining that the British authorities in Newfoundland exceed their Treaty rights when they will not permit them to fish along the Newfoundland coasts for other fish than cod. The House agreed quietly to allow the Government the monopoly of match manufacture for another year—a subject which threatened to arouse a Ministerial crisis only a few weeks ago. Navy matters are very prominent, contracts having been signed for several powerful new war ships, to say nothing of the interest felt in the submarine vessel *Gymnote*, which has been making most successful experiments in the Toulon harbour. The vessel explored the whole of Toulon roads under water, and, by means of a new steering apparatus, could direct its course under the ironclads and avoid the anchors and mooring chains.—PARIS is gradually acquiring the habit of observing Christmas as much as the New Year, and Madame Carnot's Christmas Day party to poor children at the Elysée has set the fashion for similar charitable entertainments. Each little one received gifts of clothing, besides toys and a bank-book with a first deposit of 8s. Theatrical circles are grumbling that M. Coppée's new play, *Le Pater* has been prohibited, lest it should arouse political troubles, while there is a split in the artistic camp over the rewards accorded to foreign artists at the Exhibition, which, if the present Salon rules are maintained, would give foreigners an excessive advantage at the next annual display.

GERMANY has been rather anxious about her Emperor, who caught cold, and was obliged to keep his bed for two days. By Saturday, however, he was well enough to transact State business, and go out again. Though so energetic, Emperor William is not robust, and has lately suffered from his old ear-trouble, while his present residence—the New Palace at Potsdam—is unsuitable for winter quarters. The Berlin Schloss has been under repair, but is now finished, so that the Imperial household move in next week. Christmas will be kept gaily in Court circles this year, now that the Imperial mourning is over, and numerous State festivities take place throughout January. It is hoped that the Prince of Wales may be in Berlin for the Emperor's birthday, on January 27th. The mining strikes are quieting down gradually, and the outlook is more favourable, but the miners' victories over their employers have encouraged a fresh strike in BELGIUM. Round Charleroi the mer are out, and are determined to make the masters concede increased wages, as the coal-trade is so flourishing at present. The Anti-Slavery Conference has adjourned to the 18th proximo.

For the time EASTERN EUROPE is unusually tranquil, CRETE excepted. The same miserable catalogue is brought forward of Turkish cruelties and Christian reprisals, while the antagonism to the firman increases. Caratheodori Pasha is to be the new Governor—a popular appointment, as the Pasha is a temperate and judicious man. TURKEY finds the Cretans no easier to deal with than the Armenians, who, in their turn, lament that the acquittal of Moussa Bey has encouraged the Turkish officials and the Kurds to oppress them further. Now the American Government is complaining of Moussa for attacks on two American missionaries. The Porte has made a mild protest against the Bulgarian loan being quoted on the Austrian Bourses, while Russia also continues to complain loudly. SERBIA hopes speedily to settle the dispute over the salt monopoly, as the Anglo-Austrian Bank has accepted in principle the terms of payment for the stores of salt, though still holding out for an indemnity. Salt is a favourite and successful speculation in Serbia, for nearly all the great fortunes of the country have been made in this trade, starting from Prince Milosch,

founder of the Obrenovitch dynasty. ROUMANIA intends to impeach her late Premier, M. Bratiano, with eight of his colleagues.

In INDIA the chief subject is the coming meeting of the Native Congress, which has now received the adhesion of the Maharajah of Dharbanga, hitherto a most loyal supporter of the Government. The new Maharajah of Benares has just been installed with much ceremony. Marriage reform is again prominent, and Sir Madhava Rao has appealed to the educated community to memorialise the Government to suppress many of the present evils, such as child-marriage and the excessive expenses connected with weddings. The Lushai Expedition has been checked at the outset by cholera among the coolies, but the force is to start in a few days, and the natives along the route already show signs of receiving the column well. BURMA has greeted Prince Albert Victor most warmly. After an enthusiastic welcome at Mandalay, he went to Rangoon for Christmas, and will make his return journey down the Irrawaddy in a luxurious steamer fitted up specially by the Flotilla Company. He will not leave India before the end of March, as originally arranged.

In the UNITED STATES, the Maritime Congress has been prolonged until March 1st, and is now taking a brief holiday. The Americans watch the progress of events in Brazil with the keenest interest, and a warm debate took place in the Senate over the recognition of the new Republic. Senator Ingalls spoke triumphantly of the spread of Republicanism throughout the globe, citing the present tendencies in Germany, besides the possibility of a "United States of England." However, no steps towards acknowledging Brazil will be taken till after the holidays, for Christmastide is always kept most heartily throughout the States. Holiday rejoicings led to a sad accident at Detroit, where twelve school children caught fire when rehearsing in fairy costume for a Christmas piece. Two were burnt to death, and several others fatally injured. Another fire has destroyed the whole business portion of Petrolia, an oil town in Pennsylvania.—An alleged copy of the report read at a Clan-na-Gael meeting, which led to Dr. Cronin's death, has appeared at Chicago. It shows that Dr. Cronin opposed the use of dynamite.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In HUNGARY, the German party in Pesth are lamenting over their theatre, which has been burnt down, though happily without loss of life, as the fire occurred in the daytime. Owing to the patriotic opposition of the Magyars, no further German theatre will be built.—In RUSSIA, the great artillery magazine at Baku, on the Caspian, has been destroyed by the bursting of a shell. Four soldiers were killed.—In ITALY, the Chamber of Deputies has approved the abolition of the differential duties with France, besides voting a Bill for reorganising charitable institutions, and removing them from ecclesiastical control—much to the wrath of the Vatican. Probably the Government will declare Mas-sowah a free port as soon as the Administration of the African colony is settled. King Menelek of Abyssinia has been formally crowned, and is now going to subdue the Tigré district.—EGYPT is very hopeful that France will consent to the Conversion of the Debt now that she understands that the money will be devoted to benefiting the fellaheen. Once France agrees, Russia will follow suit.—In SAMOA Malietoa has at last been formally proclaimed and recognised as King.—In SOUTH AFRICA Sir Henry Loch has been entertained at a grand banquet at Cape Town, where the President of the Orange Free State was one of the guests. The new Governor took the opportunity to deprecate all division of interests between the Colonies, expressing most kindly feelings towards President Reitz as well as the Transvaal.—In SWAZILAND the Commissioners have left to bring home their Report, the new Triumvirate being now in charge of affairs. Before leaving, Sir F. de Winton was obliged to prevent the Swazi Queen from sacrificing nine victims to represent the nation "crying for the late King."



THE QUEEN is spending Christmas at Osborne with the Princess Beatrice, Princess Louise and Lord Lorne, and the Duchess of Albany and children. The Grand Duke of Hesse left on Saturday, when the Princess Louise and her husband arrived. Next day Her Majesty and the Princesses attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where the Rev. Canon Prothero officiated. Prince Henry of Battenberg will shortly rejoin the Princess from his yachting tour in the Mediterranean.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are at Sandringham for Christmas with the Princesses and Prince George, the Duke and Duchess of Fife joining the party. The Prince returned to town from Luton Hoo at the close of last week, when he received the new Italian Ambassador, and went to the Savoy Theatre. On Saturday night he was present at the first smoking concert of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society at St. James's Hall. The Princess and Prince George remained at Luton until Sunday, and, after spending a short time in town, accompanied the Prince to Sandringham, where they stay until the second week in January. The Princesses and Prince George will then accompany their parents to stay with Lord and Lady Wimborne at Canford Manor. The Prince will open the Forth Bridge on March 4th, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh. In May he inaugurates the Royal Military Exhibition, where the Princess will receive purses, and on June 11th he will attend the Summer Exhibition of the Essex Agricultural Society at Chelmsford.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have rejoined their family at Coburg. Prince Christian, with his elder son and daughter, has also returned to Germany, and the Prince and Princess and family are spending Christmas with the Grand Duke of Hesse at Darmstadt. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught remain at Poonah for the Christmas season. On returning to England in the spring, the Duke will probably be appointed to the command of the Southern district at Portsmouth. Before going to Osborne, the Duchess of Albany and her children visited the Royal Hospital for Women and Children, Waterloo Bridge Road, to distribute toys and gifts to the patients. Princess Louise goes to Cannes next month.

A CENTENARIAN TURTLE from the island of Ascension has arrived as a present to the Queen.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES has become an honorary member of the Royal Anglo-Australian Society of Artists.

THE YOUNG KING OF PORTUGAL is to be crowned to-day (Saturday). He will be acclaimed solemnly as Dom Carlos the First, in the Church of San Domingo, at Lisbon, where a *Te Deum* will be sung, and the clergy and chief officials of the State will do homage to their new Sovereign, while in the evening the King will show himself to his subjects at a *gala* theatrical representation. A grand review is fixed for Saturday, the troops including contingents from the garrisons of the chief provincial towns, and the day will close with illuminations and fireworks on the Tagus. On Monday there will be a State banquet at the Belem Palace, and next day a grand reception. The King opens the Cortes on Tuesday, and concludes the festivities on Wednesday by going in State to visit all the public institutions, hospitals, &c.



EARL SPENCER'S VALUABLE LIBRARY at Althorp will shortly be brought to the hammer. It is one of the finest collections of rare books in England, including unique specimens of Caxton and Wynkyn de Worde, a Mazarin Bible, and some precious copies of Boccaccio.

A BRANCH OF MISTLETOE kept in the home during the whole year brings luck to the household, so French people think. Many housewives consider it as important as the sprig of palm blessed on Palm Sunday, and accordingly enormous quantities of mistletoe are sent to the Paris markets, chiefly from Normandy.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT has a curious attraction for opossums in some country districts of the United States. In the outskirts of Canton, Maryland, the opossums climb the electric light poles, touch the wires, and fall dead from the shock, numbers being found lying stiff at the foot of the poles in the morning.

THE NICE CARNIVAL begins on February 8th, when His Majesty King Carnival makes his State entry, and parades the town on a monster tricycle. The *fêles* include two battles of flowers, a procession of masks and allegorical groups, the usual confetti-throwing, a "White Corso," a "Red and White Ball" at the Casino, and an International Kermesse, the festivities closing with the distribution of the prizes, fireworks, and several masked balls on Shrove Tuesday.

SOME IMPORTANT BALLOON ASCENTS are to be made in India by Mr. Spencer, the aeronaut who experienced such sensational adventures during one of his parachute descents at Bombay early this year. He proposes to establish a captive balloon at Bombay, so that eight persons can ascend at one time. In up-country districts, where coal-gas cannot be obtained, and it would be difficult to carry the necessary manufacturing apparatus, he will use a fire-balloon on the Montgolfier principle, to show that this style of ballooning is practicable for military surveying or scientific purposes.

THE NEW YEAR'S FAIR on the Paris Boulevards is hardly so brisk as usual this season. The cheap novelties, "questions of the day," have not yet come out, and people are beginning to get tired of Exhibition souvenirs, which form two-thirds of the wares offered. An elaborate card-board representation of the taking of the Bastille is ingenious, besides chocolate imitations of chains, bolts, and locks from the old prison. The Eiffel Tower appears as a magic lantern with slides depicting the history of Robinson Crusoe, and among games, "The Fox and the Chickens" is considered a novelty, though it has long been known in England as "Fox and Geese." Bonbons remain the favourite gifts, for they can be presented in so many forms, varying from the simple pound of sweets in a coloured paper bag, tied with gold cord, to the costly kinds in elaborate satin receptacles, trimmed with real lace, which can be utilised afterwards. A crystal vase, a dainty basket, or a sachet painted by some favourite artist are often used as *bonbonnières*.

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK and her daughters go about shopping *incognito* at Naples, and they met recently with rather an unpleasant adventure in a jeweller's shop. The Empress wanted to buy an artistically-worked silver cup, and while she was discussing the price the Princesses strolled round the shop, stooping down to examine the jewellery. The jeweller thought their movements suspicious, and took it into his head that the Empress was trying to divert his attention, so that her companions might secrete some jewellery unobserved. He was so rude that Her Majesty was obliged to leave abruptly. Some hours later the jeweller was horrified to learn his mistake. The Imperial party are most energetic sight-seers, taking long excursions each day to the various points of interest round Naples. They were delighted with Pompeii, where some special excavations were made for their benefit, but, unfortunately, nothing important was found. They have also ascended Vesuvius.

THE INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC continues very severe throughout the Continent. Paris, in particular, experiences a serious outbreak, which causes the greatest inconvenience in public offices and shops, compels the schools to break up unusually early, and has laid low M. Carnot and five of his Ministers. The Palais Royal and Renaissance were even obliged to close for the same cause. Moreover, the influenza is often followed by dangerous chest complaints, several deaths having occurred, so that the illness is more fatal than at its original starting point, St. Petersburg. The disease decreases gradually in Russia at last, and is certainly better in Berlin, but Vienna, Pesth, and Madrid suffer greatly, though the epidemic is happily of a very mild character. In Madrid the telegraph and postal service have been quite disorganised through so many officials being ill, other Government offices are little better, and several theatres are shut.

MR. STANLEY has sent home an energetic denial of various reports concerning his expedition. He remarks that he never deviated from the route originally fixed for the one object of his journey—to relieve Emin Pasha. He would not have been so disloyal as to disobey orders, even "to win an Imperial crown." He explains that he never put implicit trust in Tippoo Tib, but simply paid him to fulfil certain engagements, while he dismisses as pure inventions the reports of cruelties committed under the eyes of Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson. The Major simply obeyed orders in remaining behind at Yambula, and did not act solely on his own judgment. He was a devoted worker, whose fate was probably caused by his not having learnt to exercise the forbearance needed with natives. Mr. Stanley states that he executed four men during his expedition, but points out that only justice was done in each case. Mr. Stanley and the Europeans leave by Monday's mail, but Emin Pasha cannot follow just yet, although he is much better. Surgeon Parke is also recovering from his attack of bilious fever.

MAGIC IN THE EAST CERTAINLY does not die out with the advance of Western ideas, for no fewer than twenty occult sciences are still credited and practised devoutly by the natives in India. Amongst the most unfamiliar kinds there is the "Arcana of letters and of names," which investigates the properties of the letters of the alphabet combined for magic squares and incantations, these being supposed to be controlled by the spirits governing the natural world. Soothsaying from books by choosing a passage at hazard, the selection of favourable days for any action, and geomancy—tracing figures in sand—are in common use, but the "Summoning and Subjugating of Demons" is a more serious matter. This science is two-fold—dangerous and unlawful, or religious—the latter consisting of adjurations which "confine the demon in a garment of flame and compel him to execute the magician's command." "The Art of Invisibility" is too mysterious for explanation, but "Phantasms" are usually achieved by incantations, aided by some drug and by much scenic deception. "Jefr" is the knowledge of every event which is now happening and which will occur in the future to the end of time, and is understood by one family only at the present day. "Soothsaying from Trembling" teaches how to predict the future from the involuntary shaking of the limbs, while sorcery proper is divided into lawful or divine magic, and unlawful, Satanic, or "Black magic," dependent on the aid of evil spirits.

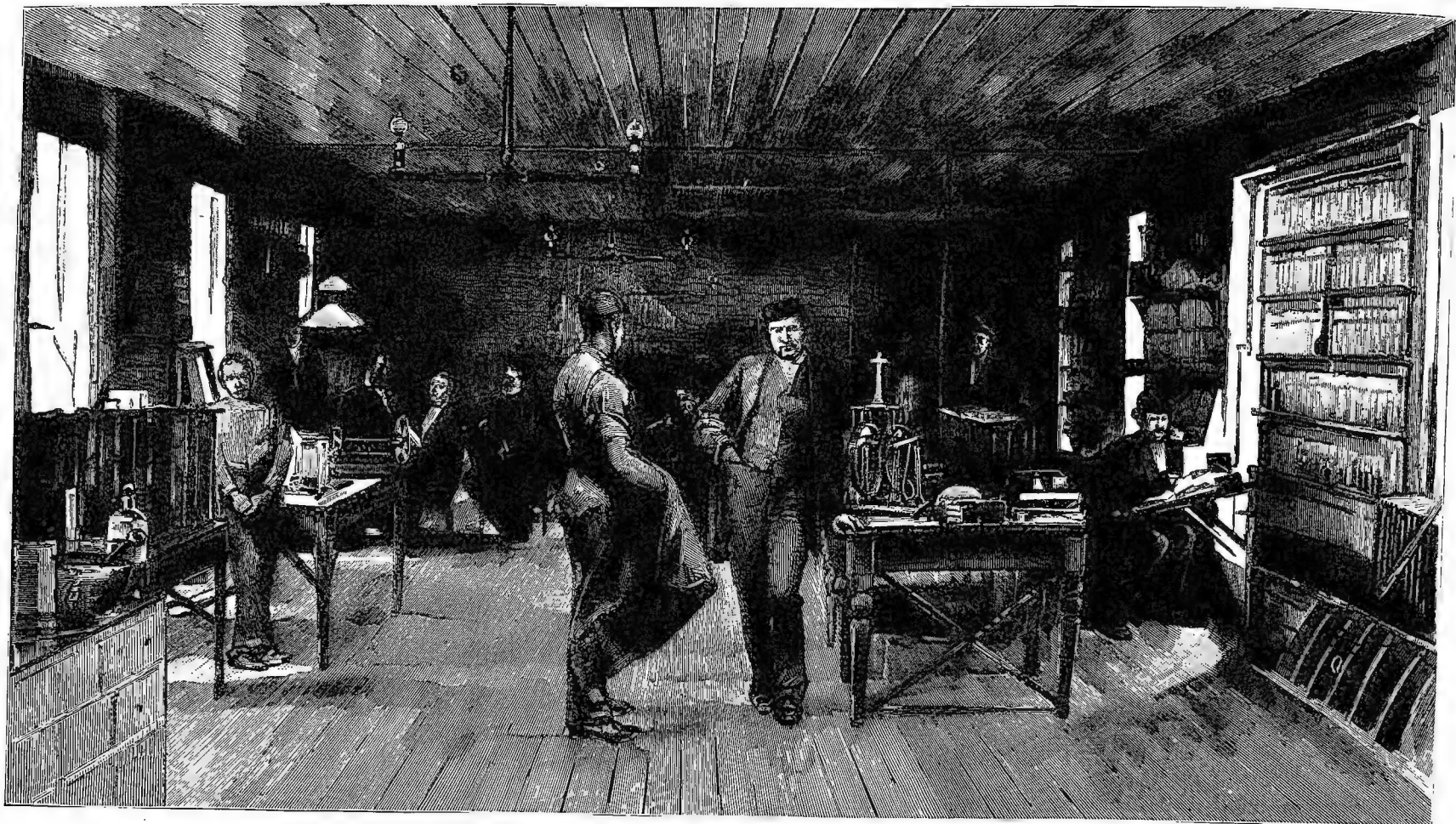
Born at Liverpool, 1828. Bishop of Durham.
Died at Bournemouth, December 21, 1889.



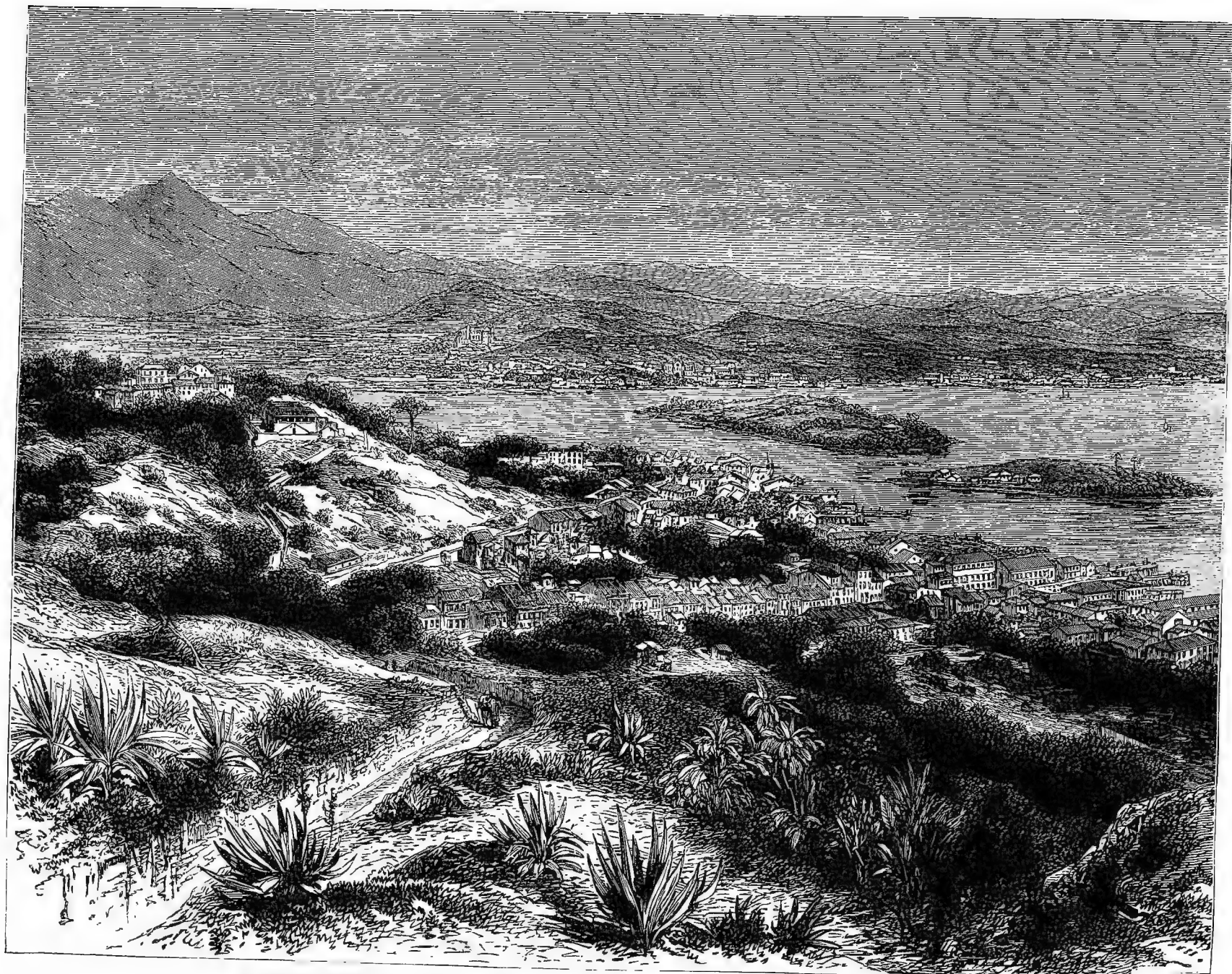
PASTIMES

There has been a lull in the racing season lately, the only meeting since we last wrote having been that at Plumpton, at

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in her eighty-third year, of Lady Vassal Webster; in his seventy-seventh year, of Sir William Dunbar, M.P. for Wigton, 1857-65, and from 1867 until last year Comptroller and Auditor-General of the Exchequer; in his seventy-seventh year, of Sir Charles Farquhar Shand, from 1860 to 1879 Chief Justice of Mauritius; very suddenly, of Mr. James Ford, the leader of the Conservative party in Bristol; in his fifty-eighth year, of Sir Francis F. Turville, formerly of the diplomatic service, and a prominent Leicestershire Conservative; in his sixty-first year, of the Rev. Henry Hansell, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford; of the Rev. J. Garwood, from 1844 to 1876, the first clerical secretary of the London City Mission; of Mr. Francis R. Conder, the civil engineer and scientific writer, inventor of the successful iron process for the deodorisation of sewage, and father of Major Conder, the eminent Palestine explorer; and in his fifty-sixth year, of Mr. William Stroudley, locomotive and marine superintendent of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway.



MR. EDISON, THE EMINENT ELECTRICIAN, IN HIS LABORATORY



THE REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL—VIEW OF SAN CHRISTOVÃO
WHERE THE WINTER RESIDENCE OF THE EX-EMPRESS IS SITUATED



"A MAKER OF ANCESTORS"



“THE PLAYS OF THE YEAR”

THE dramatic productions of 1889 may not perhaps have added many or even any new titles to the list of our standard plays; few years, indeed, can boast so much as this, for the works that live and are remembered for more than a brief space after their first appearance are, and always have been, few and far between. On the other hand, there are encouraging signs to be noted of spirit and enterprise, not merely among our managers, but also among those writers who devote their pens to the service of the stage. Melodrama, it is true, creeps on in very much the old artificial way. It is almost always the persecuted maiden and the scheming villain who will not take “no” for an answer; the high-spirited hero and the scoundrels who seek to bring about his ruin regardless of the inevitable detective with the handcuffs, without whom *dénouements* seem hardly possible. A notable example of this insincere but, in a certain sense, effective sort of work is Messrs. Pettitt and Sims’s new drama produced at the PRINCESS’S. There are limits even to what the lovers of this sort of play will welcome, as was shown by the unfriendly reception accorded to the outrageous production which this piece superseded. The joint authors of *Master and Man*, however, know these limits well; and while they give themselves no unnecessary trouble in the way of studying character outside the familiar stage types, they contrive to make their story interesting, and to keep up a judicious interchange of harrowing episodes and low-comedy incidents. *London Day by Day* at the ADELPHI, by these authors, is no doubt in the same category of pieces, but it is not quite so conventional in treatment, and is altogether a better piece of workmanship. If any friend of the stage is disposed to grieve over the preference which so many simple-minded playgoers exhibit for pieces which often overstep the modesty of nature, let him remember that it is a sign of a robust appetite for the drama when there is a welcome for all forms that are good of their kind. After all, it is not the worst, but the best of melodramas which secure the largest amount of favour. Witness the enduring popularity of *The Silver King*, in which Mr. Wilson Barrett, after delighting so many thousands in this country, is at this moment winning immense popularity in the United States. *The Dead Heart* of the late Mr. Watts Phillips, in which Mr. Irving has achieved, at the LYCEUM, what promises to rank among the most enduring of his many successes, can be assigned to no other class than melodrama, but it is endowed with a severely sombre picturesqueness, and an exhibition of strong conflicting passions which make this story of the old régime and the Reign of Terror an exceedingly effective play. It is worth, after all, any number of such artificial pieces as Mr. Hall Caine’s *Good Old Times*, brought out at the PRINCESS’S, or Mr. Outram Tristram’s portentously-absurd play *The Panel Picture*, in which Lady Monkton and her associates appeared in the spring at the OPÉRA COMIQUE. Not less is to be said of *La Tosca*, which, in spite of its prevailing gloom, is the work of a master, as is felt by all who have been privileged to witness Mrs. Bernard Beere’s magnificent impersonation at the GARRICK. *A Man’s Shadow*, in which Mr. Beerbohm Tree plays the villain and his honest counterpart so powerfully, affords another example of melodrama redeemed by more subtle features. As to *The Middleman*, who has done so much to exalt the reputation of Mr. Willard, it is rather a domestic drama, bordering on the domain of melodrama, but, like most of Mr. Jones’s productions, it exhibits a confidence in the writer’s own creative powers which is satisfactory in itself. It is a far better work in this regard than *Wealth*, brought out with no very conspicuous success at the HAYMARKET; though the author, after the wont of dramatists, appears to have convinced himself that the worse is the better work.

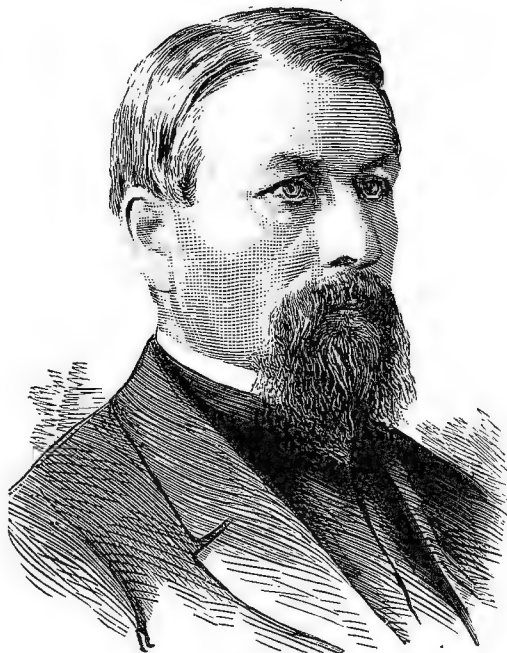
It is, however, rather in the field of comedy and pieces that stand between that class and domestic drama that we find the signs of a disposition to study from the life, which are the last indication of the vitality of the revived interest in the stage. The lady hitherto unknown to the playgoing public, to whom STRAND audiences are indebted for *Our Flat*, has actually had the courage to write a farcical comedy in which there is no volatile husband, or wife who makes discovery of any marital escapade. This is, as times go, a rather remarkable innovation. There is a freshness also discoverable in the personages and incidents of this amusing piece which is very encouraging. Mr. J. W. Pigott’s *Bookmaker*, produced at a VAUDEVILLE *matinée* and, doubtless destined to be heard of again, furnished Mr. Thomas Thorne with a diverting study of character which was anything but conventional. One such touch of nature is worth all the ingenuities of such a piece as *A White Lie*, in which Mrs. Kendal, some months since, at the COURT Theatre, was trying in vain to persuade us that an eminently sensible and right-feeling married lady could resort to that old and exploded resource of the French stage, a false self-accusation of infidelity for the sake of screening an erring friend. *Aunt Jack*, on the other hand, in which Mrs. John Wood on the same stage has since provoked such hurricanes of laughter, is a harmless piece of extravagance, making no pretence to truth and nature, and needing little. Mr. Hurst’s *Begoni’s Diamonds*, brought out at a *matinée* at the AVENUE, is another clever and original piece, marred though it was in some degree by a weak *dénouement*. Among all these pieces *The Profligate*, by Mr. Pinero, stands forth as a conspicuous example of an effort to induce playgoers to take a more serious view of the ethical teaching of the stage than they have been wont to do. In this regard, it reminds one of Augier and Dumas’ later comedies. Mr. Buchanan has lately followed with a piece that shows the same tendency to deal with social problems. We refer to *Man and the Woman*, brought out at a *matinée* at the CRITERION, which is remarkable at least for an elaborate and, in some degree, novel study of a hypocritical character. *Apropos* of fresh portraiture, we must not forget that pleasant drama by Mr. Wilson Barrett entitled *Nowadays*, in which Mr. Barrett impersonated the Yorkshire hero with so much pathos and fidelity to nature. Whether Mr. Buchanan’s comedy *That Doctor Cupid*, produced at the VAUDEVILLE, is to rank among the decided successes of the year may be doubtful; but the piece was a noteworthy attempt to combine fanciful and even supernatural elements with genuine comedy scenes, and thus, as it were, to enlarge our dramatic horizon. Mr. Hurst’s *Æsop’s Fables*, at the STRAND, also deserves a record among the pieces of the year that are not adaptations. *The Royal Oak* at DRURY LANE proved to be a rather tawdry and commonplace piece of historical carpentry, upholstery, and what not. It served its purpose of occupying the bill for an autumn season, and will probably be heard of no more. The Ibsen epidemic has broken out among us during the year, but cannot be said to have established itself here, though Miss Achurch’s *Norah* will be remembered by all who were fortunate enough to witness that remarkable impersonation at the NOVELTY. As to burlesque extravaganzas, the GAIETY is still foremost in keeping alight the “sacred lamp,” which, indeed, shows no flickering flame.

On the whole, the friends of the “legitimate drama,” as it used to be the fashion to call it, have no reason to despair as they turn

over the record of this year’s achievements in our theatres. Mr. Mansfield’s Duke of Gloster was not wholly satisfactory as a piece of historical portraiture; but nothing could well be more gratifying to a worshipper of the poet than the wealth of historical research and of scenic illustration expended on this revival of *Richard III.* at the GLOBE. Hardly less notable from the same point of view was the revival of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* at the HAYMARKET, though Mr. Beerbohm Tree’s rich, and many-sided impersonation of Falstaff was the crowning glory of that performance. Finally, we have Mr. Benson and his company at the GLOBE, not astonishing us by any extraordinary display of histrionic gifts, yet playing *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* with conscientious care, and with such beauty in the setting, the music, and the illustration of the “folklore” of the play as have never yet been excelled, if, indeed, they have been equalled.

THE REV. EDWARD BRADLEY,

BETTER known to the public under the name of “Cuthbert Beje,” was born at Kidderminster in 1827, and was educated at Durham University. After graduating, he was ordained in 1850, and was successively incumbent of Bobbington, in Staffordshire (1857), Rector of Denton, Hunts (1859), Rector of Stretton, near Oakham (1871), and in 1883 secured the appointment as Vicar of Lenton, near Grantham, which he retained up to the time of his death, December 12th, 1889. Mr. Bradley, as the author of



“Verdant Green,” achieved a celebrity which has not yet died out, but the sequel to this immortal work, “Little Mr. Bouncer,” which appeared in 1878, did not approach the popularity of the first work. Mr. Bradley was a contributor to *The Graphic*. Besides “Verdant Green” and its sequel, he also wrote “Photographic Pleasures” (1855), “Nearer and Dearer” (1857), “Fairy Fables and Happy Hours” (1858), “Glencreggan” (1860), “Curate of Cranston” (1862), “Tour in Tartan-land” (1863), “The White Wife” (1864), “The Monk’s Garden” (1865), “Matins and Muttons” (1866), and “Fotheringhay and Mary Queen of Scots” (1886).—Our portrait is from a photograph by Hills and Saunders, Cambridge.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

VIII.

A NEW story by the author of “Alice in Wonderland” is safe to be the children’s book of the season, so there is little doubt of a warm reception for “Sylvie and Bruno” (Macmillan). This time Mr. Lewis Carroll’s contribution is not all fun and frolic. A solemn tone and meaning mingle with the humorous fancies, as if to illustrate the theory of ideal juvenile literature which the writer unfolds in the preface. From the youngsters’ point of view, it may be somewhat tantalising to find the adventures of the bewitching little brother and sister interrupted suddenly by moral and religious arguments and a “grown-up” love-story, but older readers must admire the art with which the materials are blended. In his lighter vein, Mr. Carroll pursues his old happy style. *Sylvie and Bruno* move in a quaint world, peopled with odd characters, like the two

to occult mysteries and astral science, though his story is pretty and ingenious enough, if it were less pretentious. Miss E. Stuart Menteth furnishes some fair etchings.—Mrs. Hodgson Burnett also wanders into fairy-land for two of the stories forming the dainty volume “Little Saint Elizabeth” (Warne). They are not so taking, however, as the sketch of the sweet modern child-saint, who tries to put into practice the legend of her patroness, Elizabeth of Hungary. Elizabeth is as charming a girl-creation as Mrs. Burnett’s famous boy-hero, “Little Lord Fauntleroy.”

Some brilliant examples of British heroism stand out from “Brave Men in Action” (Ward and Downey)—true tales of our soldiers and sailors, collected by the late S. Mackenna to fire boyish patriotism. Mr. J. A. Shea adds brief memoirs of Havelock, Gordon, Burnaby, and the story of some modern campaigns.—Other recent wars are illustrated in a capital narrative of German military existence, “A Tale of Three Nations” (Ward and Downey), by J. F. Hodgetts. The hero has as many lives as a cat, for he survives perils innumerable in the war between Austria and Prussia in 1866, the Franco-Prussian campaign, and the Paris Commune, in all of which he performs wondrous feats of valour, besides saving Emperor William I. from an assassin. No lack of incident here; while the introduction of Teutonic celebrities, notably the two late German Emperors, gives life to the picture.—Excitement of a different type is provided by “Three Diggers” (S. Low), wherein Percy Clarke depicts the rough life at the gold-diggings in Ballarat during the Fifties. Bush-rangers, murderous miners, and bush-fires kill off the characters in wholesale fashion, and the action rarely flags.

Girls will be interested in a nice wholesome picture of their working sisters by Miss Meade, “Engaged to be Married” (Cassell). The mistakes of erratic genius are neatly contrasted with steady perseverance and patience, so that the moral is worth taking to heart.—Genius is thwarted, also, in “Countess Irene” (Virtue), by J. Fogerty, for the impulsive heroine longs to be a great singer rather than a great Court lady. The plot is well worked out, and the descriptions of Viennese life and travel in the Salzammergut are thoroughly entertaining.—In their more sober moments our girls may ponder over the moral aphorisms and meditations of “Spare Minutes” (Bryce), which Warwicke compiled two hundred and fifty years ago—a quaint, old-fashioned booklet.—Speaking of devotional writings, one of the best collection of sermonettes for the young ones is “Come, ye Children” (Cassell). The Rev. Benjamin Waugh knows exactly how to frame his subject to interest his hearers, and his simple, unaffected talks on the character and attributes of Christ, and on Bible truths in general, are made popular and homely by illustrations from everyday life.

Paddy at home is an invaluable theme for the comic pencil, and Miss E. Somerville has made good use of her opportunities in illustrating the old Irish song, “The Kerry Recruit” (Peppy). She draws some excellent Milesian types in humorous vein—the raw soldier and the peasant women, to say nothing of the dog, which is quite in the Caldecott style.—The remaining illustrated books are of more ordinary type, the two volumes of “Our Little Dor’s Picture Scrap Book” (Religious Tract Society) promising to occupy dull hours in the nursery by their good engravings of subjects suited to the little ones.

A fund of amusement for small evening parties is to be found in Professor Hoffmann’s practical treatise, “Tricks with Cards” (Warne). Boys who wish to mystify and entertain their friends should study attentively the Professor’s clear and concise directions for performing elaborate as well as elementary tricks, gathering useful hints about “patter” and the various dodges of the trade, till they become adepts in sleight-of-hand. Those who prefer recreation needing less application can play some of Messrs. Hamilton Hills’ card-games, such as the “Military Manœuvres,” with its pictures of crack regiments ready to go through certain evolutions, or “The House that Jack Built,” reproducing the well-known nursery characters. “Three Blind Mice” (Groombridge) is another reminiscence of the nursery, the cards forming familiar rhymes and proverbs; while rather more thought and play must be bestowed on “Rings” (Wright), which is not unlike “Reversi.”

FACSIMILE OF EMIN PASHA’S HANDWRITING

By the kindness of Dr. R. W. Felkin, of Edinburgh, we are enabled to give a specimen of Emin Pasha’s handwriting. Considering the amount of toil and trouble through which Emin Pasha has passed during the last few years, and his failing eyesight, the writing is wonderfully clear and legible. We append a translation of the specimen given:—

“Usamiro.
“English Mission Station.
“28/8, 1889.

“DEAR FRIEND,—

“As you will see from the above heading, I have arrived here to-day with Mr. Stanley, and hope after several days’ rest to leave this place for Zanzibar. What led me to this decision “which to you will be probably unwelcome, at any rate inexplicable.” it is impossible to explain to you in the space of a few lines. “Be content in the mean time with what follows. You are the

Usamiro Engl Mission Station 28/8 89
Kisumu (Kenya)

“Dear Friend”

Wir sind die Schriftsteller hier und haben mit Mr. Stanley hier angekommen. Ich habe sehr viele neue Sachen gesehen.
Wir sind sehr glücklich und zufrieden. Wir sind sehr glücklich und zufrieden. Wir sind sehr glücklich und zufrieden.
Ich habe sehr viele neue Sachen gesehen. Ich habe sehr viele neue Sachen gesehen. Ich habe sehr viele neue Sachen gesehen.
Wir sind sehr glücklich und zufrieden. Wir sind sehr glücklich und zufrieden. Wir sind sehr glücklich und zufrieden.

Sehr viele neue Sachen gesehen

professors or the poet-gardener, always indulging in delightfully inconsequent rhymes. The ballad of “The Badgers and their Herrings” is another first-rate piece of nonsense-verse, ludicrously illustrated by Mr. Harry Furniss, who is just the right artist to carry out Mr. Carroll’s ideas, and who furnishes a host of comical drawings. Undoubtedly “Sylvie and Bruno” supplies the answer to all perplexed people inquiring what book to get for their small friends and relatives.—Comparisons are proverbially unkind, so it is hardly fair to read “Prince Starbeam” (Burns) after Mr. Carroll. This fairy romance aims high, for Mr. A. E. Waite is always alluding

the writing is legible

Dr. Felkin

“only one to whom I write concerning these sorrowful events.” “When Mr. Stanley came for the first time in April, 1888,” &c.



DAIRY MATTERS have been stimulated by the Government grants to various schools and farms. The Dairy Farmers' Association have now an "Institute" at Aylesbury, East Anglia an Institute near Ipswich, and the Bath and West of England have occupied new ground by planting many temporary schools, as at Gloucester, Oxford, &c., the latest being at Hampstead, where, at the fine new premises of the Express Dairy Company, on Tuesday H.R.H. the Princess Louise distributed awards to the students and dairy-maids who, with a fortnight's instruction, had become proficient in the best methods of making butter. The Dairy Exhibition at the Royal Show, Windsor, was popular, and largely attended, and generally the Excursion of Dairy Farmers into Scotland early in the year, has been succeeded by various other experiences, all tending to diffuse and strengthen public interest in one of the strongest branches of British farming.

IN THE MID-YEAR, towards the end of June, after the successful Show of the Bath and West of England Society, the Royal at Windsor, with Her Majesty as President, held its Great Jubilee Exhibition, when fine weather and the superb attractions of fine horses, unrivalled horned cattle, and sheep, of all the great mechanical triumphs of the age in machinery and appliances, drew vast numbers from all England to witness the display made in Windsor's Royal Park. The Royal Family paid several visits, and shared with landowners, stockbreeders, herdsmen, manufacturers, and ordinary visitors the pleasure of one of the greatest and most complete Agricultural Shows ever held. At the commencement, Mr. Jacob Wilson was honorary director; at the ending of the Show he had become Sir Jacob Wilson, by Royal favour.

COMPETING INTERNATIONALLY, at the great Paris Exhibition which made France the summer pleasure resort of Europe and America, English cattle gained first place for a group of Mr. Fenn's Herefords—the best group of cattle in the Exhibition exclusive of French animals (French stock did not compete with foreign stock). In the former great Paris Show, a group of Polled Scots, exhibited by Mr. McCombie of Tillyfour, had a similar triumph, of which a large illustration was given in *The Graphic*. The Hereford Breed in 1889 has been in large demand, at high prices, for export and at home, as butchers' beasts make the best terms.

OF MECHANICAL NOVELTIES, in 1889, the Strawsoniser, a machine to distribute paraffin, or other liquids, lime, dust, or manure, seed corn, &c., by the action of a blast-fan, has been most notable, after severe trials in France, and at the Windsor Show. The clever milk-separators have been popularised and adopted in many dairies, as some of the most valuable appliances of late years.—At the recent Smithfield Show, as at Windsor, were exhibited several petroleum engines. One, made by Brown and May, of Frome, the patent by Mr. Knight, of Farnham, was half-horse power, and very compact and effective. Gas engines, now in general use, introduced “power” into places where before it could not be used; but common gas is not everywhere, so that the petroleum patent engines carry “power” further, as oil can be bought everywhere, and these latest machines are likely to lighten labour in rural districts very beneficially.

FRUIT CULTIVATION has had many good friends to speak in its favour in 1889. Mr. Gladstone's hints as to jam, carried out by Lord Sudeley and others, have been fairly successful. The "Agricultural Adviser" of the Privy Council has brought his heavy artillery to bear on the subject, and Mr. Paunce de Laune, coming up from his "Garden of Kent," told the members of the Farmers' Club this autumn what things they might do—and some things they could not expect to do—in respect to fruit culture. As Leigh Hunt said, "He would not grow his own *bad* lettuces" in his cottage garden, but content himself with common flowers, so Mr. Albert Pell, the well-known late M.P., reminded farmers that "the sloe and the crab-apple" were England's indigenous fruit, and that after seeing in his survey with Mr. Read the American apples, he should not attempt to rival them, at least near Northampton. However, some general and prudent experiments in extending English fruit-growing are likely to result from the discussions of the subject in 1889.

THE TITHE QUESTION has to be answered shortly. The subject has been made urgent during the past year, and this many-sided problem has been looked at from all points of view, often dispassionately, sometimes with wrathful unreason. It may, however, be said that the present opportunity of getting the matter equitably adjusted should not be allowed to pass—all the moderates have reckoned up their diverse interests, and have agreed to agree—that an unnecessary source of contention should be dried up.

AFTER MANY YEARS' EXCLUSION live cattle from Holland in 1899 have been allowed to come into our ports—under necessary regulations. But recently the permission has been, temporarily at least, withdrawn, as German districts adjacent to Dutch were reported affected with disease. Public favour towards development of dead meat imports.

THE UNITED KINGDOM has now a Board of Agriculture, and the year 1889 records this fact as one of its chief rural events. The Government in fulfilling the wishes of the country has shown good faith and scored a success, if one may judge from the unanimously expressed approval by the Central Chamber of Agriculture and other bodies of the appointment of Mr. Henry Chaplin, as Minister with Cabinet rank. That Mr. Chaplin, a Conservative, should be supported by the Right Hon. Sir James Caird, a staunch Liberal—in whom all parties have unreserved confidence—inferes justly that the Rural Ring Fence hedges in the best of both sides, and that the new Department is meant to be a Ministry of Impartiality for the defence and promotion of the rights of agriculture. Already, by deputation and other means, the Department has had its house-warming, and shown healthy activity.

A COUNTRY PARTY has been established lately in France, and is so well followed that nearly half of the whole number of the French House of Deputies have been able to support and become part of the new Agricultural Section. Apparently rural affairs in France are those which least divide the French! A similar organisation was suggested for England about a year ago—the members of which would be M.P.'s and others, forming a "Country Cabinet,"—but the exigencies of "Irish success" have hitherto kept the subject in reserve.

THE WEATHER OF THE YEAR 1889 has been of an irregular character, bringing very great heat early in summer, to change in July to wetness and coldness. Then came severe early cold in December, to be followed by alternations of mildness, when London became warmer than Paris or Madrid, and Lisbon could hardly parallel Lynmouth in Devon. The season has frowned and smiled, with characteristic inconstancy, upon our fields and gardens. A dry, cold, and bitter spring, albeit without any severe frosts, seemed to suit tree and bush fruit prospects; although later hostile influences spoiled the apple crop, caterpillars being the culprits. Cherries, strawberries, plums, and, in fact, most fruits were fairly good and

plentiful. Of course dry and cold weather was adverse to grass crops; yet these, thanks to May floods (which in 1889 made an exception to the old rule), succeeded by blazing sunshine at the end of the month and over a great part of June, flushed forward one of the best and heaviest forage crops ever grown in this country. Moreover, sunshine allowed the crop-and-a-quarter to be well saved. Milch kine thrive afterwards on the abundant aftermath, and the land flowed with milk and honey, if the latter could be made up of the sweet content of dairy farmers. Curiously, of real honey the season was very churlish, for bees were not equal to the buffetings of the weather changes.

THE DRY EARLY SEASON also favoured the potato crops, nor did subsequent rain and cold in July-August work much damage, or, if they did, the latter fineness of August repaired the evil, so that a full and sound crop was saved in autumn. Apparently the solar heat that got into the soil early in summer was a reserve that St. Swithin's distressful six weeks of cold, wet storms could not exhaust, and thus when the farmer's summer of discontent was over towards the end of August, he found his lodged, blackened, twisted crops of cereals not so bad as they looked. Such as they were they could be well gathered, unbroken heat and dryness for three harvest weeks allowing fair opportunity for wheat, barley, oats, and beans, all together being well secured. At this time various estimates were made of the crop yield. But these need not be discussed, as we have just received (16th inst.) from the Board of Agriculture the summary of Agricultural Produce statistics in Great Britain for 1880. These fix the yield for

Wheat, Qrs.	Barley, Qrs.	Oats, Qrs.
9,158,375	8,434,849	14,193,620
Acres.	Acres.	Acres.
2,449,354	2,121,530	2,888,704
<hr/> 27° 1 bushels.	<hr/> 31° 81 bushels.	<hr/> 39° 31 bushels.

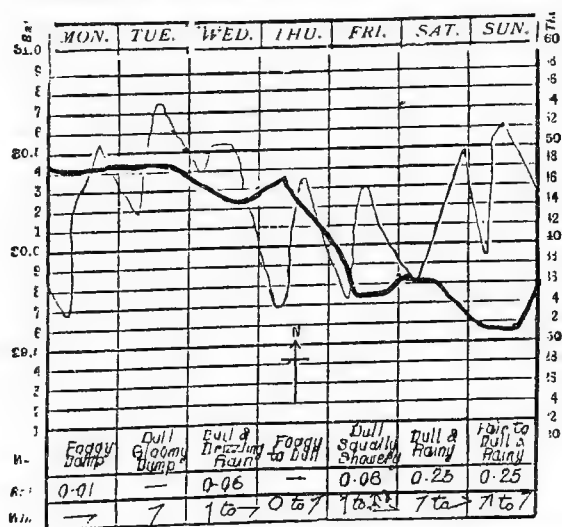
The produce of our arable lands has therefore been a fair average, whilst the hop gardens and root fields, after a poor beginning, ended well. As regards the seed-time weather in October, November, December, it has been mainly of a favourable character, so that the "growing corn" is already a green hostage for the future.

RURAL MEMORY over 1889 will have a place for the acknowledgment of the horse's advance in public recognition. Various exhibitions, examinations, and sales have extended interest, and thereby raised the value of good animals. The Shows in the spring of Hunter-stallions, of Shire, Hunting, and Hackney horses were well attended, as was the old-established Horse Show in May at Islington, the new gathering at Olympia, and the Parades of the Royal Show at Windsor in June, and these together created an all-the-world-over demand for English horseflesh. For ponies a Stud-book is being formed, so that all breeds will now have their records. In the current number of the *Royal Agricultural Journal* just out, an article by Lord Cathcart on French horses infers that in one respect "things are not done better in France." The most valuable animal in the world—the English thoroughbred horse—making exceptionally 5,000 to 15,000 guineas—should have been, one might suppose, the soundest of any breed of horses. But it was reserved for the Shire Horse Society, the common cart-horse, to read his rich brother a lesson, and in 1889 we have found out the ratio of constitutional unsoundness in race-horses is much greater than in our beasts of burden. The evil having been acknowledged, its cure has been undertaken—thanks to our stud-horse societies.

ANIMAL OBITUARY.—Could not our Farming and Live Stock Almanacks give annually a brief record of the good animals which have fallen out of the life-ranks?—In 1889, Mario, one of the best Shorthorns of the "Eighties," fell from his pride of place, as the figure-head of his breed.—Lost to Mr. Walter Gilbey are now Pedometer, the model thoroughbred stallion, and the all-England famous Shire horse Spark, for which 800 guineas were paid a few years ago. Who can forget Spark, as the writer saw him in his black shining "broad-cloth" covering nearly 25 cwt. of flesh, blood, and bone? Yet lately this mountain of life could take cold, and knock under like a weak child.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SUNDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1884.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Sunday midnight (22nd inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of this period was very mild and rainy generally, with occasional high winds on most of our exposed Coasts. Pressure throughout the time was lowest to the Northward, and highest to the Southward or South-Eastward of our islands, the intervening gradients being favourable for moderate to strong Southerly, veering to North-Westerly winds in most places, and for slight gales at many of our Western and Northern Stations. The sky was very rarely clear anywhere, and frequently was densely overcast, while a good deal of very wet fog or mist was experienced in nearly all places. Showers were very frequent in most places, drizzle occurred over the South of England once or twice, and heavy rain fell between Thursday and Friday (19th and 20th inst.) at many of the Irish Stations; the largest amounts were 1.05 ins. at Roche's Point, and 0.75 at Malin Head and Mullaghmore. Temperature was above the mean in all places. The highest daily readings, which occurred on Tuesday (17th inst.), were 55° at several Scotch Stations, over Central Ireland, and in London, and 59° at Cambridge. The lowest fell to the freezing point or slightly below it on one or two occasions.

The barometer was highest (30.47 inches) on Monday (16th inst.); lowest (29.56 inches) on Sunday (22nd inst.); range 0.91 inch.
The temperature was highest (55°) on Tuesday (17th inst.); lowest (34°) on Monday and Thursday (16th and 19th inst.); range 21°.
Rain fell on five days. Total fall 0.65 inch. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.25 inch on Saturday and Sunday (21st and 22nd inst.).



THE children's festival month has come round again, and their shrill young voices and merry laughter are heard all around us. During the long summer holidays the young folks need only to be turned out into the fields and on the seashore to find amusement for themselves; but at Christmastide parents and guardians are expected to find amusement for the home circle.

As a rule, the rigging-out of our little boys, until they arrive at Eton suits and top-hats, devolves upon anxious mothers, and gives far more trouble than do the toilettes of the girls, great and small. The most important garment is the overcoat, which it is best to have made by a tailor. It should reach a couple of inches below the knee, as when too short, if the boy is broad-built, he looks top-heavy. Melton cloth, Astrakan, and a variety of warm, rough materials are used. They are made with any amount of pockets—the more the better will the wearer be pleased; whilst, as to the buttons, they are as large as half-a-crown. A collar and cuffs of sealskin, beaver, or sable, with a toque hat to match, look comfortable and are warm.

For dress occasions brown or invisible-green-faced cloth coats, elaborately braided and frogged à la *militaire*, look remarkably nice on a well-grown boy of ten or twelve. Highland dresses are very much worn this winter, especially for evenings, for boys above eight years old. They should be of Scotch woollen materials, with all the correct trappings; but, for boys from four to eight years old, silk poplin skirts and velvet jackets, with gold or silver buttons, silk hose, and shoes with buckles, are pretty. The Little Lord Fauntleroy costume is still in high favour. It is made in velvet or plush, of black or some rich dark colour, a wide silk sash, collar and cuffs of deep lace.

Many young eight-year-olds pronounce this costume "girlish," and flatly refuse to wear it. For them the sailor suits in blue serge trimmed with gold braid, or in white serge with blue or red collar and cuffs, will prove suitable. A stylish evening suit for boys of from eight to ten years old is made of black, claret, or brown velvet, with knee-breeches and silk stockings, buckles at the knees and on the shoes, a short cut-away velvet jacket, white *piequé* waistcoat, point-lace collar and cuffs.

Private theatricals and fancy dress balls for juveniles are very much to the fore just now. There is an unlimited scope for variety in the costumes prepared for these entertainments. A very handsome dress for Prince Charming was made thus : silver-grey silk tights, satin shoes embroidered in silver, trunk hose and doublet of crimson velvet richly embroidered in silver and crystal beads, long silver tags at the knees and on the shoulders ; velvet cap, with a long silver-grey ostrich plume. Where a special period is chosen for a costume ball, it is well to consult one or more of the reliable books of fancy costumes in order to be strictly correct ; but when fancy dress only is required the business is much more easily carried out.

Never were the dresses of our little girls prettier and more picturesque than at the present period. Thanks to drilling, gymnastics, and plenty of outdoor exercise, our girls are well set up, and as a rule their carriage is graceful—a thoroughly awkward girl is the exception, not the rule. Very stylish coats for girls who have not yet taken to long dresses are made quite straight in the front, the skirt set in at the back with accordion pleats; very wide open sleeves, the points reaching to the hem of the skirt, trimmed with fur.

Three very effective costumes were recently shown us. One was of blue-grey cloth; the skirt was trimmed at the hem with deep vandykes of ruby velvet, the points going upwards; plain bodice of the cloth, a corselet bodice of velvet laced up the front; cuffs and collar of velvet; with this was to be worn a coat of the same material as the dress, the large sleeves lined with ruby corded silk, a wide band of velvet down the front; collar to match. The second costume and coat were of rich red-brown velvet, trimmed with chin-chilla. The third dress was of dark-green camel's hair cloth, handsomely braided in black *à la militaire*; the outdoor garment was made with three capes, pinked out, in form like a man's coat; beaver cuffs and collar.

A novelty of the day in trimmings is styled *en cerceau*. It is not becoming to any but slim figures. On a plain skirt of cloth or any woollen material are arranged nine rows of velvet, graduated from about four to one inches wide. The same trimming is repeated on the bodice from the waist to the armpits. For young and middle-aged girls this mode makes a pretty change, but matrons will do well to avoid it.

There is quite a rage for cloth, not only for promenade costumes and demi-toilettes, but also for full dress. This material has been brought to such perfection of fineness and suppleness that, when made in cream, white, or any pale colour, the effect is very elegant. For little girls' party frocks, this material is very suitable. For example, a costume of cream cloth. The skirt quite plain in the front; a few small pleats on the hips; the back closely pleated. The bodice is laced at the back, and plain in the front; the sleeves put in very high on the shoulder; the armholes are now cut very large. The trimming consists of nine rows of gold braid two inches wide, and the same on the waist, but this braid is only one inch wide.

This style of dress looks well in red cloth, or silk, with black ribbon velvet ; pink or blue cloth, and silver braid ; heliotrope and sea-green, with gold braid.

There is a marked change in the make of bodices; sloping shoulders are quite out of fashion, and when they exist are disguised by the seams on the shoulders being cut very short, and the puffed sleeves fullled into large armholes. Again, that most inconvenient fashion of lacing the bodice at the back, which has been so long in abeyance, has been revived. Another, and more successful, revival is the crossover bodice, which is so graceful in gauze or tulle; sleeves, which have been conspicuous by their absence, are now worn halfway down to the elbow; they are made in puffs over a tight lining, and finished off with a frill of lace.

Ball-dresses are the subject of great interest to young people at this festive season. Russian net is in great favour. It has many points to recommend it; it is uncrushable, and not easily torn; it drapes with grace. A very pretty dress was recently made with a train-skirt of white satin, and low bodice to correspond. On the draped skirt of Russian net were numerous rows of very narrow satin ribbon, and the same simple trimming was on the crossed bodice. Although actual trains are only worn by married folks, young people wear their skirts a few inches on the ground, a mode which is more becoming for evening wear than the short all-round skirts of last season. Floral trimmings are much used for ball-dresses. A very effective manner of trimming a gauze or tulle dress is with garlands of tiny roses, violets, or primrose; arranged thus: on the left shoulder is a cluster of flowers, from which lines of the flowers cross the bodice and skirt, and are fastened together with a cluster on the hem. Chrysanthemums are flowers which last well through an evening, and are to be had in an endless variety of colourings; they are most effective when worn on a black net or lace dress.

Ostrich feather trimming is much used both for morning and
(Continued on page 798)

HOLLY

THE holly, which towards the end of December always arrives in enormous quantities at Covent Garden Market, and is thence distributed all over London by medium of florists and costermongers, marks the approach of Christmas in an unmistakable manner. Few homes are so humble that a sprig or two of holly does not find its way into them at this time of year; and of all customs connected with the great winter festival, this shows the least signs of losing popularity. It may not be "the thing" to send cards, Christmas-trees may be voted old-fashioned, but the berried holly is welcomed year after year by young and old alike, whether it be gathered from a tree in the country-garden or bought from a coster's barrow.

The custom of connecting holly with this season is one of the oldest in the world. In ancient Rome friends sent one another boughs of it at the New Year, as gifts emblematic of the desire that good luck might be present during the succeeding months. The Druids decked their dwelling-places with holly-branches in winter, so that, as Dr. Chandler says, "the sylvan spirits might repair to them, and remain untripped with frosts and cold winds until a milder season had renewed the foliage of their beloved abodes." So in adorning our homes with the prickly boughs of the holly we are perpetuating customs that were observed by the early inhabitants of this country, and by the people who subjugated them. A carol written in praise of holly in the reign of Henry VI. shows that our ancestors of the Middle Ages did not allow it to fall into disuse. They appear to have held the tree in great esteem, if we may judge by the verses in question, which run:—

Here comes holly that is so gent;
To please all men is his intent.
Allelujah!

Whoso against holly do cry
In a rope shall be hung full high.
Allelujah!

Whoso against holly do sing,
He may weep and his hands may wring.
Allelujah!

The name holly is generally regarded as a corruption of "holy," which was given to the tree because it is used to commemorate the holy season of Christmas. In Turner's "Herbal," for example, we find it alluded to as the holy tree, and the fact that the Germans, Danes, and Swedes have given the tree names which plainly connect it with Christmas, viz.:—"Christdorn," "Christorn," and "Christ-torn," confirms this view of the origin of its designation. The extensive use of holly by those who make it their custom to decorate churches at Christmas, may very likely have had some effect upon the bestowal of the term holy-tree.

The prickliness, which is always associated with holly leaves, does not invariably characterise them. Nearly sixty years ago Southey, called attention to this fact in the following lines:—

Behold, a circling fence its leaves are seen,
Wrinkled and keen:
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound:
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

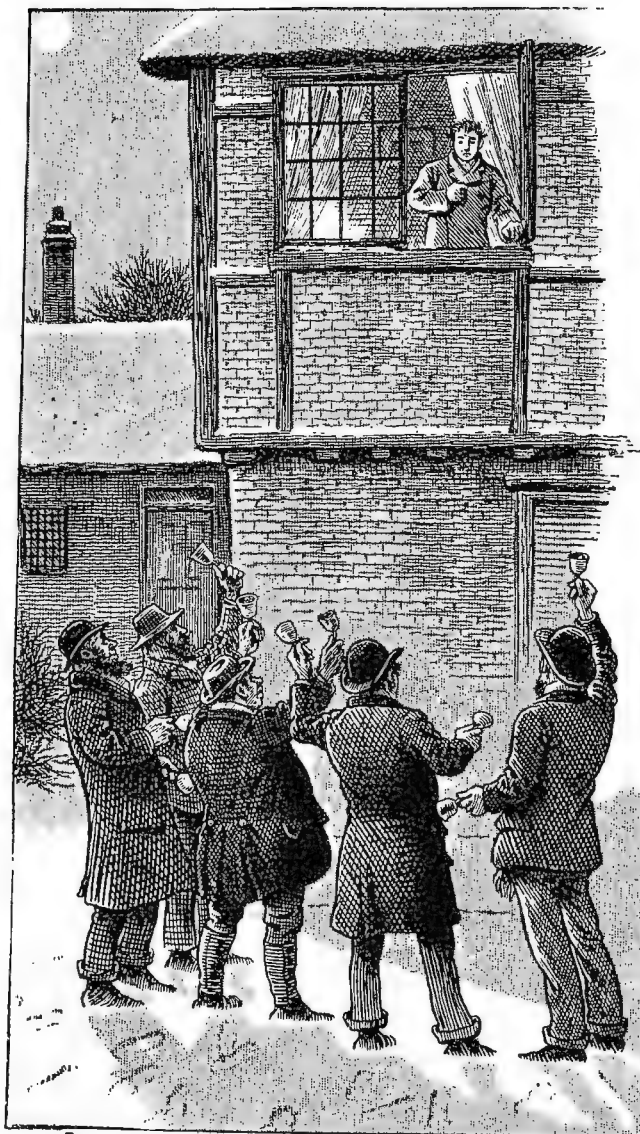
Other observers have jumped to the same conclusion. The true explanation is more prosaic. The difference really arises

from lack of strength to produce leaves of the usual type owing to old age. Ivy leaves growing at the tops of old plants will generally be found to have lost the irregular shape affected by their companions lower down. This is owing to the same cause, and, in both instances, the deterioration is traceable to the substantial character of the leaves of these and other evergreens, which involves a more severe strain upon the recuperative energies of the trees than that to which those bearing less solid leaves are subjected.

The fruit of the holly, which so much enhances its beauty, and to the salesmen its value, is improperly termed a "berry." Strictly speaking it is a "drupe" like the cherry, and contains several stones, in each of which is a seed. The flowers of the holly make their appearance late in the spring, and the fruit begins to assume its ruddy tinge in October. If not picked it remains on the tree all through the winter, becoming redder and redder as the weeks go by. The ornamental use to which the foliage and the fruit of the holly are put is not its only recommendation, for there is no better hedge than one formed from it. A holly hedge of some years' growth forms a most handsome and a more thorough protection to a garden than any other. As Cowley says:—

A hedge of holly, thieves that would invade,
Repulses, like a growing palisade.

But an efficient holly hedge cannot be obtained without the exercise of a considerable amount of patience, for few shrubs are of slower growth. Holly wood is greatly in request for wood engraving, and is also much used for veneering and cabinet work. Most boys know that bird-lime is made from the bark of this tree. The abundance of berries varies much with different seasons, but even when they are most plentiful it will be noticed that many trees bear scarcely any. These



I AM SERENADED BY THE HAND-BELL PLAYERS



I ADMIT THEM, AND THEY AP-
PEAR TO HAVE BEEN 'CALLING ON
A FRIEND'



ONLY A SOV'-AN' COFFEE! IT AINT THE USUAL THING, SIR.



OTHER REFRESHMENTS
BEING PROVIDED, THEY ROAR ME "SLEEP, MY LADY, SLEEP."



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are popularly known as the males, and make up for their lack of fruit by the extremely stiff and prickly nature of their leaves. The females are less completely guarded, though they bear far more fruit than their well-protected males. Naturally the profusion of berries borne by the females renders them more liable to be spoiled for decorative purposes than the comparatively unproductive males, for holly without berries is at the best a somewhat sombre form of ornamentation.

This year the crop is a good one. If, as is by many people supposed, the severity of the winter is to be gauged by the quantity of holly berries, we are to have some hard weather before spring comes round again. Surrey, Sussex, Hampshire, and Wilts produce most of the holly that brightens the homes of Londoners at Christmas time. Those who have never seen the piled waggon-loads of it which, during the third week of December, make their way to Covent Garden and Farringdon Markets would not believe how vast a supply is needed for the requirements of the metropolis. It seems impossible that the hundreds of piled van-loads which are brought to the centres we have named can be needful for decorative purposes. But so it is, and the keen competition among the costers for well-berried branches shows that they are fully awake to the extent of the demand for this pretty form of adornment.

In seasons when berries are scarce, the artificial article finds a ready sale. So deftly fashioned are these sham holly berries that when they are artfully placed among the leaves it is impossible to detect the fraud unless a careful inspection is made, and many a purchaser from a wandering vendor has discovered, when too late to obtain redress, that a good three-quarters of the ruddy berries, whose presence induced him to pay a fancy price for his holly, never grew on the bough which they adorn. This form of swindling is

profitable, for a few pence will buy sufficient of the sham berries to make a shillingworth of holly sell for half-a-crown. With this in mind, it is well to examine each branch bought from a costermonger, not merely relying upon his assurance that the one he has handed for inspection is a fair sample of the rest.

The holly tree is widely distributed over the earth's surface. It is abundant in every continent but Africa and Australia, and is not unknown there. The American holly, which closely resembles ours, and is thought to be only a variety of it, quite dwarfs its European relation. Specimens eighty feet high and with trunks four feet in diameter are not uncommon, but this superiority of size is discounted by the fact that the berries of the American plant are less vivid in colour than those to which we are accustomed, while its foliage is not so glossy as that of ours.

A. S.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN GERMANY

CHRISTMAS EVE in Germany is regarded not only as a religious, but as the most sacred of family festivals. It is then that the lights are kindled upon the Christmas tree, and all gather round, the husband and the wife, the father and the children, the brothers, and the sisters. Death and exile, or other misfortune, may lessen the family circle, yet when the *Heilige Abend* (Holy Evening) comes, if only one remain, memory is there, to conjure up the loved faces that are gone, and the Christmas tree is brought into the solitary home, and the candles are lighted, and still the festival is kept.

No German household, be it ever so humble, is at Christmas time without its Christmas tree. Its presence brightens and hallows alike the cottage of the toiling peasant, the

lodging of the hard-worked dweller of cities, the mansion of the wealthy, and the palace of Royalty.

While the poor content themselves with merely a little fir branch, cut sometimes by their own hand in the forest, the trees purchased by the rich are often splendid specimens of their kind. No gifts of any sort are hung upon it as in England, but it is profusely ornamented with coloured glass balls, little silvered or gilded pine cones, and an immense quantity of tiny candles.

The duty of decoration usually devolves upon the wife, and if the family is well-to-do, and the tree is of a large size, the task is by no means a light one, while added to this, there are other preparations to superintend, for the proper celebration of the evening, of no less importance.

All around the room, which is made to look as cheerful as possible with lights and skilfully-placed mirrors, are ranged, covered with white cloths, as many little tables as there are members of the household, and upon these are heaped presents of every description. Then, after the tree is lighted, and the usual greetings and ceremonies have taken place around it, follows the "Bescherung," or exchange of these gifts. No one is forgotten. The servants are well remembered, and, when all is over, they stand with the family by the Christmas tree, and as the lights burn out, join in singing the beautiful German hymn—

Stille Nacht! Heilige Nacht!

Many there are living now who remember one Christmas Eve, when stern duty had called husband, and father and brother, away to face death for their country's sake. Then that hymn was sung by camp fires. And the soldier, as he sang, saw before him his home, and the dear ones he loved, praying for his safety round the lighted Christmas tree.

E. W.

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evening dress, for the former it is in black or dark colours, for the latter in white, or to match the costume with which it is worn.

A stylish dinner-dress was made of very pale pink *faille*, the front breadth embroidered in a rich arabesque design of chenille and cut-glass beads, shading from ruby to pink; on the hem was a thick band of pink and ruby shaded ostrich feather tips; the same trimming was carried round the train of pink brocaded velvet up the sides, and on a smaller scale round the low brocaded bodice and sleeves.

Some of our readers who have carefully preserved their large fur muffs of bygone times, ashamed to bring them out whilst coquettish little fancy *manchons* reigned, will be glad to learn that they are again in fashion, sable, mink, chinchilla, and other furs, which have been consigned to oblivion now appear in company with capes, which are transformed into high Medici collars.

THE MUMMERS

THE cloth has been removed, and the glasses sparkle in the light of the wax candles, and are reflected in the deep polish of the old mahogany table which almost seems to have a layer of plate-glass above the wood, so brilliant is the gloss which more than a century of polishing has produced upon its red-brown surface.

The children in all the glory of full-dress have come down to dessert, and are clustered open-eyed round the old Squire who, with his arm-chair drawn nearer to the crackling fire of fir-logs, is initiating them into the mysteries of Christ Church punch as compounded at Oxford in the days when the Battle of Waterloo was news in the land.

Outside, beyond those closely shuttered and heavily curtained windows, a pale cold moon is shining through the leafless beeches on the lawn over a frozen landscape lying mute in its winter's sleep. But before the punch has been long made the quick ears of the children detect a sound of feet that breaks the stillness in the long avenue of firs that leads up from the high road, and presently the trampling echoes clear and crisp over the frozen gravel until it abruptly dies away behind the laurel bushes on the path leading to the stables and the back of the house.

"Who can it be, grandpapa?" says a little maiden in an awe-struck whisper, with reminiscences of fairy tales and ghost stories crowding her childish brain.

"Ah, who can it be, I wonder?" echoes the old Squire, his keen blue eyes twinkling with suppressed amusement; "Robbers, perhaps," he adds, as the sound of deep-mouthed baying floats over the trees from the stable-yard.

The little faces lengthen at the thought; but all further speculation is rendered unnecessary by the entrance of the butler, who announces, in his soft fat voice—

"The Mummies, sir."

"Very good; give them some supper, and then, I daresay, one or two of us will come out and see them."

For once the children hardly do justice to the dessert, so anxious are they to behold the marvels that the Mummies have to show, and so, before very long, we go out to the old brick-floored kitchen, which the cook has plentifully adorned with holly in honour of the season.

Presently a subdued shuffling and whispering outside the door tells us that the Mummies have finished their supper, and are about to begin their performance, and then they file slowly in and resume their shuffling and whispering in a huddled knot near the door. At last, with many elbow-thrusts, and a "Goo on now," a sturdy youth is ejected from the group, and stands, looking very much as if he had been caught poaching, in the centre of the kitchen. He is dressed in a smock-frock covered all over with white ribbons and strips of paper, beneath which his thick boots and the bottoms of his corduroy trousers stand revealed. His head and face are smothered in an arrangement in wool, which does duty for hair and beard, and the edifice is crowned with a chaplet of holly. In his right hand he clutches a fir tree, and, standing sideways,

with his eyes fixed on the ground, he commences, in a hoarse and monotonous manner—

"Here comes I, Old Father Christmas,
Welcome or welcome not—"

He has got so far when a shrill small voice interrupts him. Master Tom, aged seven, who is on terms of intimate acquaintance with all the farm labourers, and whose loftiest ambition is to be a carter's boy and ride on the shafts of a waggon, has penetrated the disguise, and shouts, "Why it's Jabez Parfit!"

This is too much for Father Christmas. He stops dead, casts a startled look at the audience, and bolts for safety behind his brother Mummies, whence he is thrust forth in a manner that admits of no denial, and is once more placed in the centre of the brick floor to his great and evident discomfort. This time he gets through without any interruption, and concludes his harangue in a relieved gallop.

"And now, masters, I've said my say,
So come on, King of Egypt, and clear the way."

Thus summoned, the potentate takes the place of Father Christmas. His Sunday coat is adorned with many bunches of particoloured ribbons, so that he looks like a recruiting-sergeant run to seed, and on his head he wears a portentous helmet, that betrays through its forest of ribbons a suspicious likeness to an old top hat with the brim cut off. He slouches round in a circle, banging the tip of his wooden sabre against the brick floor, and recounts, in the monotonous sing-song affected by all these personages, his difficulties with the Dragon. He concludes by calling on St. George of Merry England for aid, and retires behind his fellows to doff his casque and mop his forehead with a large red pocket-handkerchief.

St. George is evidently the "star" actor of the company, and like other "stars" seems fully aware of the fact. He strides forward, a rustling mass of red ribbons, with a Royal Standard from a Christmas tree adorning his helmet, and at the top of his voice begins to insult the Dragon.

"Where is the Dragon bold who dares St. George defy?
I'll cut him full of holes, and make his buttons fly."

To do St. George justice it would be a very deaf dragon who could not hear this defiance at the very furthest recesses of his cave, and so the monster comes forward, the very counterpart of the King of Egypt, save and except that his ribbons are of a scaly green, which, as everybody knows, is the natural colour of dragons. The knight and the monster then begin to prowl round one another firing off couplets, and at last break into the broadsword combat so dear to sailors of the dead and gone melodrama. Presently the dragon receives a dig in the ribs that brings him wounded to his knees, and he humbly asks for pardon and mercy from his conqueror:

"No pardon shalt thou have while I before thee stand;
So rise up again, and fight out sword in hand,"

replies the obdurate Saint, and the combat recommences, only to end by the Dragon being stretched lifeless on the cold bricks. This would seem a good finish for the play; but the old dramatist knew better. Father Christmas, having got rid of some of his shyness by this time, comes forward and inquires:

"Now is there ne'er a Doctor to be found
Already nigh to hand,
To cure the deep and deadly wound,
And make the Dragon stand?"

The Doctor, from top to toe a crackling mass of black-paper streamers, steps forward and announces that he can work the cure. "What can you cure?" says Father Christmas; and the Doctor replies:

"Whatever you please;
All sorts of diseases—
The colic, rheumatic, and gout;
If the devil's in I'll kick him out."

Father Christmas next asks what the fee is, and the Doctor replies ten pounds; but, for such a "vile" as Father Christmas, he will only charge half-a-crown. And so the bargain is struck. The

Doctor forces the neck of a bottle between the jaws of the recumbent Dragon, exclaiming:

"I've got a little bottle of alicampane:
Here, Jack, take a little of my flip-flop,
Pour it down thy tip-top:
Rise up and fight again."

Thus familiarly adjured, the Dragon renews the combat, but the result is the same, and he goes and dies in a corner out of the way of the other actors. His place is taken by the smallest of the company, who has a bundle of dolls on his back. He introduces himself—

"Here comes I, little Johnny Jack,
With my wife and family on my back."

He then informs the audience that he is not rich, and that he has had a long journey to come. During this recitation, the Dragon gets up and rejoins his companions, finally coming forward with the rest, when little Johnny Jack has finished, and supporting Father Christmas, who delivers the tag, which never varies at these performances—

"Now, ladies and gemmen, your sport is most ended,
So pass round the hat, which is highly commended,
The hat it could speak if it had e'er a tongue,
So throw in your money and think it no wrong!"

All is over. The Christmas play, the words of which are handed down from generation to generation in the West country, is finished, much to the children's regret. But it is long past bed-time, and even for the actors the hour is rather a dissipated one. So with a liberal reward for their entertainment, and a parting horn of ale to keep them warm, they clatter down the flagged passage and into the still and silent night. But to the little ones the Mummies play has a more real and living interest than any pantomime at the London theatres, for they know the Mummies in private life.

J. W. P.

THE WHOLESALE TIMBER DESTRUCTION IN THE UNITED STATES produces repeated warnings from experts, yet the Government takes no notice. In the Hudson and Mohawk valleys the hill sides have been so completely stripped of their trees that the flow of the rivers has decreased from twenty to thirty per cent. If this deforestation continues unchecked the district will be a desert in thirty years' time. The country, also, is undergoing change in other ways, for many New England farmers desert their homesteads either for the cities or for Western lands. Large tracts are abandoned in Vermont and New Hampshire, so that the local governments are trying to attract foreign colonists on advantageous terms. Finns, Swedes, Icelanders, and French Canadians are especially welcome, and the last colonists have already taken up a considerable share of ground.

THE DANGERS OF ELECTRIC LIGHTING seriously alarm the Americans. Owing to the numerous accidents in New York, the Grand Jury has laid a Report before the Court strongly condemning the practice of stringing electric light wires upon the same poles with telephone and telegraph wires. This Report was only just handed in when the great fire occurred at Boston, resulting, according to general opinion, from the identical crossing of electric and telegraph wires denounced by the Jury. The fire originated in a building from which numerous telegraph wires radiated to various parts of the city in connection with a system of electric clocks. Evidently the electric-light wire fell across one of these, imparting a current sufficiently strong to fire the building. Two days later, in New York, a clerk was moving a show-case from outside a shop, when the metal lining was accidentally knocked against an electric-wire hanging rather low. The clerk touched the metal, received the current, and was shocked to death. Speaking of electricity, an International Electro-Technical Exhibition at Frankfurt is being planned for next year, to be open from June to October.

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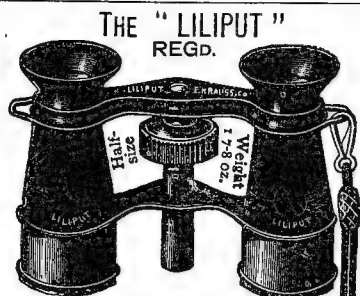
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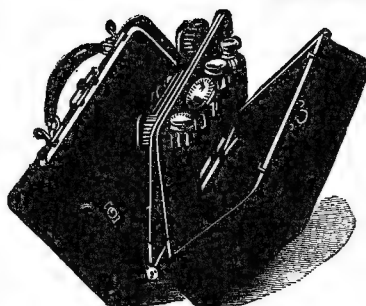


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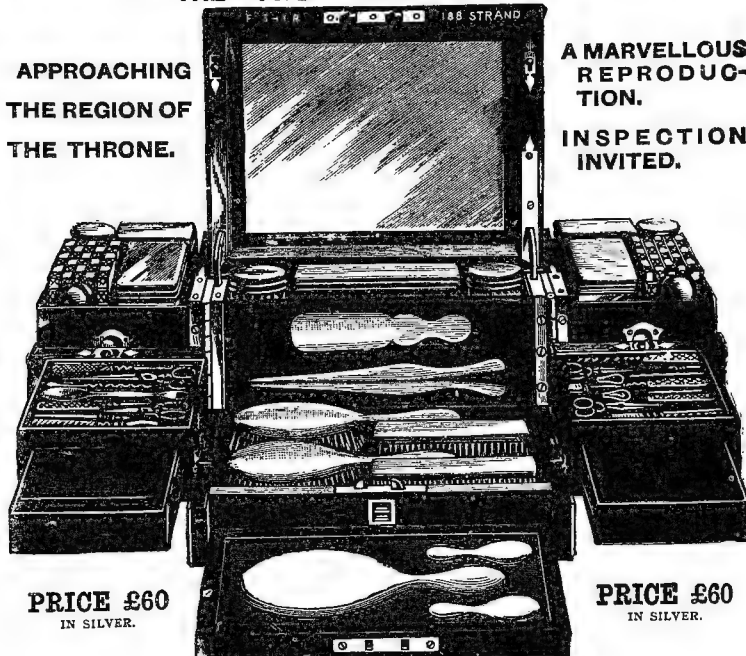
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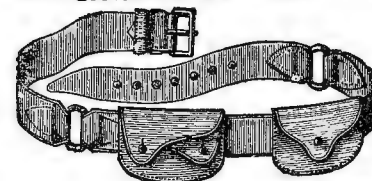
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MUSIC IN 1889.—The musical year having now practically closed, it will be convenient to sum up results. Never before have performances been so numerous, and although perhaps no great masterpiece has during the past twelve months been added to the repertory, yet the net results have been by no means unsatisfactory.

In regard to Italian Opera, the solitary novelty of the year was Verdi's *Otello*, which had a brief run at the Lyceum, with Signor Tamagno and the Milan cast, and Signor Faccio's orchestra. In regard to Italian Opera at Covent Garden, Mr. Harris gave a series of remarkably fine performances, one of which the Shah of Persia attended in State. Mr. Harris's repertory was increased by an Italian version of *Die Meistersinger*, and by *Romeo et Juliet* performed in the original French. Of English Opera in its serious aspect we have during the past year seen and heard little or nothing so far as London is concerned, although the Carl Rosa Company have enjoyed a successful season in the provinces.

In regard to light opera, the principal production has been *The Gondoliers*, by Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan, a work of a more farcical and brighter character than its predecessor *The Yeomen of the Guard*. Another production was Cellier's *Doris*, which has, however, since been withdrawn in favour of Mr. E. Solomon's *Red Hussar*, a work more approaching the school of *opera-bouffe*. Of the numerous adaptations from the French, and similar operettas which have appeared and disappeared in the course of the past twelve months, it is hardly necessary to recall memories.

In regard to orchestral concerts, it is satisfactory to find that the majority of the serial concerts have not only paid their way, but have been exceedingly well supported. Perhaps the most important novelty of the year in this class was the Symphony in C, in which Mr. Frederic Cliffe showed hitherto unsuspected talents as a composer of such things. Dr. Villiers Stanford has contributed to the repertory a new Symphony in F, bearing the motto, "Through youth to strife, Through death to life." Among other novelties have been Mr. Henry Gadsby's Festal Symphony in D, a Scotch violin suite, "Pibroch," by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, a *Benedicamus* for orchestra from the same pen, Mr. Proul's overture "Rokeby," Dr. Hubert Parry's symphonies in E minor and "English" symphony in C, Professor Stanford's violin suite in D, and other things. To the orchestral repertory have also been added Brahms's double concerto, Grieg's *Peer Gynt* suite, Dr. Bernhard Scholz's symphony in B flat, and orchestral suite in D by Tchaikowsky.

In regard to Choral Concerts the principal novelties have been produced at the Festivals. An exception was made in favour of Mr. Cowen's comparatively simple though thoroughly English cantata *St. John's Eve*, intended for smaller choral societies, and recently produced at the Crystal Palace. Among the novelties of the year have been M. Benoit's strange cantata *Lucifer*, which has been twice performed at the Albert Hall, Mr. Hamish Mc'Cunn's thoroughly Scottish setting of scenes from *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Dr. Mackenzie's *Cottar's Saturday Night*, given on

December 16th in Edinburgh, and his *Dream of Jubal: The Light of Asia* by the American musician Mr. Dudley Buck, and the Festival novelties, to wit, Mr. C. Lee Williams' Church cantata *Bethany*, produced at Gloucester, and Dr. Parry's *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, Dr. Stanford's *Voyage of Maeldune*, Dr. Creser's *Sacrifice of Freia*, and Mr. Corder's *Sword of Argantyr*, produced at Leeds. Unfortunately the disbandment of the Novello Choir has deprived London oratorio-lovers of one of the very few large choirs now left to West-End amateurs. The advance of choral music in the East-End and various outlying districts has, however, been most marked. The record would not be complete without referring to the performance of *Elijah* on a Handel Festival scale at the Crystal Palace in the summer, and to the visits to London of the Bristol Orpheus Glee Society, and of the fine chorus of the Leeds Philharmonic Society.

In reference to chamber concerts: if the extraordinary number of pianoforte recitals and similar things, particularly in the height of the summer and during the late autumn, be taken into consideration, England would appear to have become a chamber music-loving nation. Not only have the Monday Popular Concerts been as warmly patronised as usual, but pianoforte recitals have been given literally by the hundred, and during the past few months a practice has likewise grown up for organising interesting and frequently successful vocal recitals and mixed chamber concerts. Among the productions of the year have been Dr. Hubert Parry's Sonata in D for violin and pianoforte, Professor Villiers Stanford's Sonata for pianoforte and violoncello, written for Signor Piatti, Brahms' new Sonata in D minor for piano and violin, Op. 108, of which the slow movement is one of the most beautiful things of its sort that Brahms ever wrote, Dvorak's String Quartet, Op. 80, a quartet by Mr. Thomas Wingham, three of Cherubini's recently published quartets, and an early sonata in B flat by Wagner.

A notable event of the early summer was the presentation to Dr. Joachim on his artistic jubilee of a Stradivarius violin, subscribed for by his English admirers. Madame Schumann unfortunately did not return to this country, but a feature of the year's music was the return of the little prodigy, Otto Hegner, who is now on a tour in the United States.

Among the new-comers of the year there have unfortunately been no very prominent vocalists. Miss Margaret McIntyre has, however, firmly consolidated her position, and has, by her singing at Leeds and elsewhere, greatly advanced in public estimation as a concert singer. The absence of Madames Patti, Albani, and Nordica in the United States has naturally helped the young Scottish soprano. In the absence of Mr. Santley in Australia, Mr. Watkin Mills has come prominently to the front as a baritone. In regard to the instrumentalists, the new-comers have been numerous; among the prominent pianists should be mentioned the Norwegian, Madame Backer-Gründahl, besides Madame Giessler-Schubert, grandniece of the composer, Franz Schubert; M. Friedheim, the Russian pianist; M. Sapellnikoff, another Russian pianist of enormous power; and Signor Albeniz, a Spaniard. Miss Fanny Davies has further advanced in public favour, and the young English pupil of Madame Schumann bids fair to take the highest position in this branch of Art. Several of the society violinists have come to the front at promenade and miscellaneous concerts, while M. Ysaye, a remarkably-gifted Belgian violinist, made his debut at the Philharmonic, where audiences could not fail to admire his gifts, while hardly, perhaps, endorsing the peculiarities of his

style. Lady Hallé and Dr. Joachim, however, still remain at the head of their profession as violinists so far as this country is concerned.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—The concert season is now practically closed for the Christmas holidays. The recess will, however, be brief, as performances commence again during the first week in January. Among the concerts of the past week should be noticed the performance of Berlioz's *Childhood of Christ* by the students of the Royal College of Music. The young people under the conductorship of Professor Villiers Stanford gave a highly creditable representation of music which presents many difficulties.—The Bach Choir have also given a concert which was expressly announced as a "private" one, criticism must therefore be avoided. The programme included Dr. Hubert Parry's sonata in D for violin and pianoforte, which have already been heard at one of Mr. Dannreuther's "Musical Evenings." The work is clearness itself, abstruseness being wisely avoided, although the results are thoroughly satisfactory. The slow movement, an Andante Sostenuto in B flat, and the final Presto went remarkably well. The scheme likewise included several specimens of sixteenth-century part-songs by Sweelinck, Prætorius, Palestrina, and others, and the five-part madrigal, "Slow, Slow, Fresh Fount," by Mr. Charles Wood, late of the Royal College of Music. This madrigal gained the prize offered by the Madrigal Society last year.—The last Popular Concert was announced for Monday. That on Saturday was, however, the more interesting, and it was devoted exclusively to the works of Beethoven, some of the most popular sonatas being performed by Sir Charles and Lady Hallé.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The balance-sheet of the Leeds Festival shows that out of a total receipt of 10,336l., the net profits were 3,142l. The band cost 2,242l.; the conductor and chief singers, 1,725l.; and the chorus, 1,484l.—Sir Charles and Lady Hallé propose to undertake a prolonged Australian tour, commencing in April next year.—Mr. Michael Maybrick will make his *réentrée* in London on January 4th at the Ballad Concerts.—The death is announced at Detmold, Germany, at the great age of eighty-four, of the widow of Ignaz Moscheles. She was a friend of Mendelssohn, and was distinguished for her literary ability. Among her works was a biography of her husband, the famous pianist.

FRIDAY is still reckoned so unlucky a day in France that many people avoid travelling as much as possible, and the traffic on the railways diminishes considerably. When Friday falls on the 13th of the month, as last week, matters are worse, and even in septical Paris last Friday the omnibus receipts fell to half their usual amount.

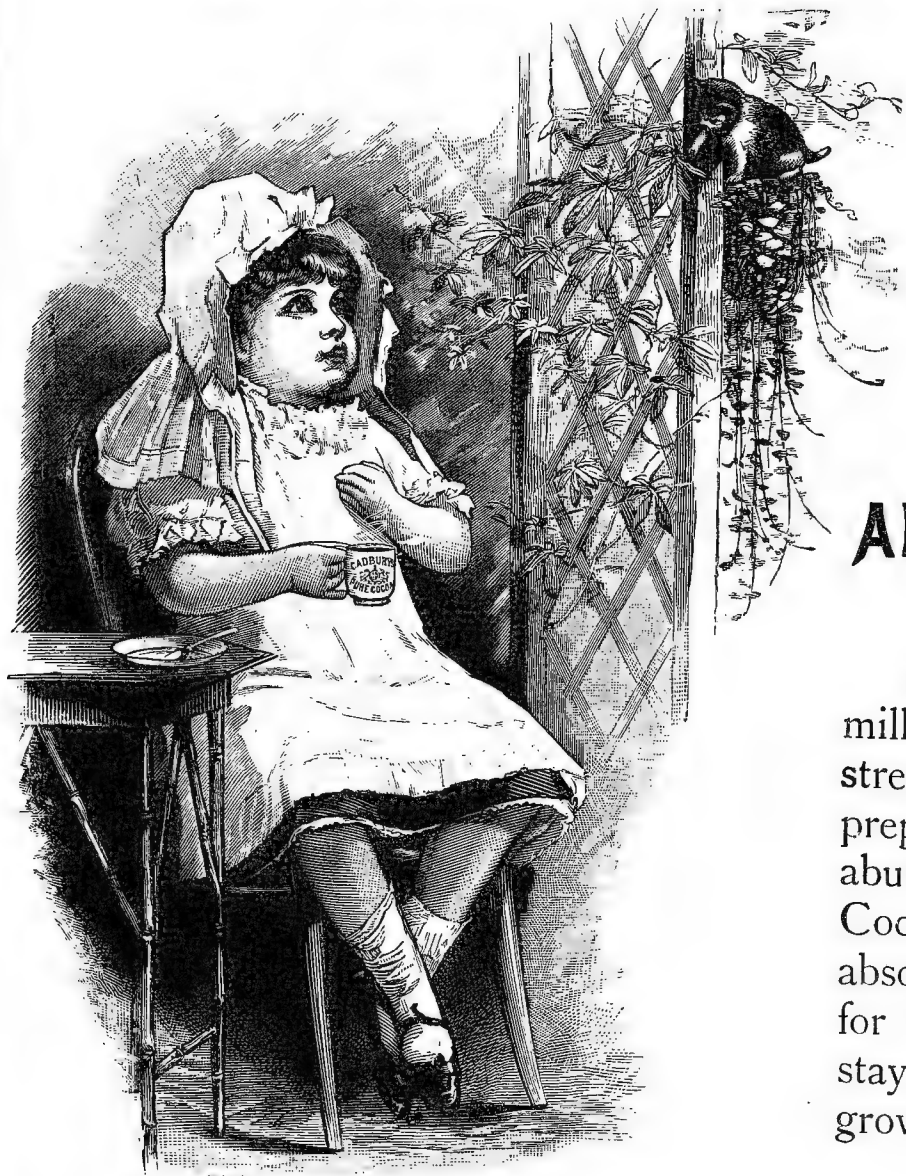
SURVEYING ON THE INDIAN FRONTIER often awakens great dread and dislike among the natives. One surveyor beyond Quetta found recently that the Pathans objected to his operations, because they declared that the theodolite was a kind of photographic camera which took pictures upside down. Further, they believed that the machine could penetrate through the walls of their homes, with the terrible result that the infidel photographed the ladies of their families standing on their heads. The obnoxious surveyor daily expected to be shot at; but he remarked philosophically that, having killed two bears in a hand-to-hand fight, he was ready for any number of Afghans.

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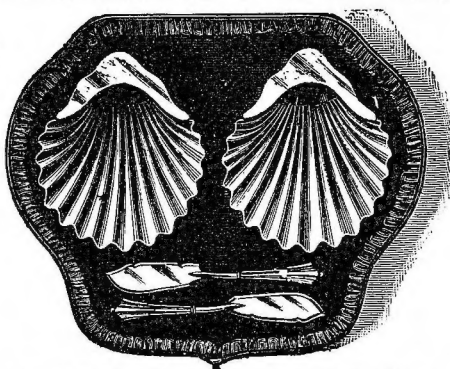
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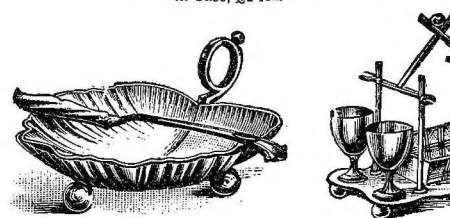
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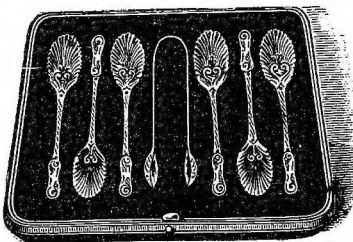


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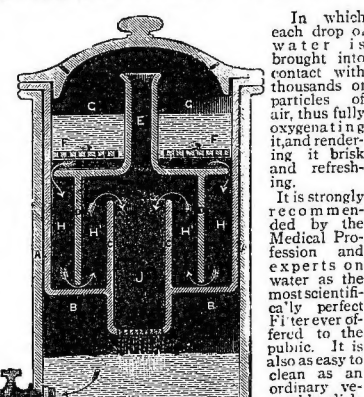


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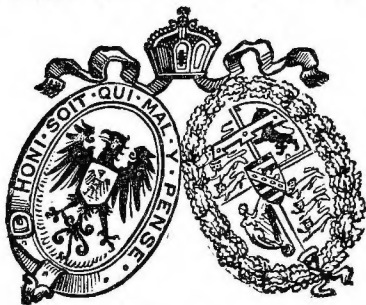
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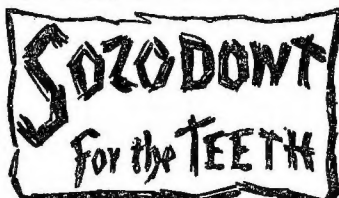
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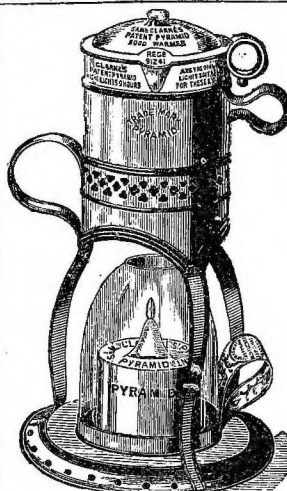
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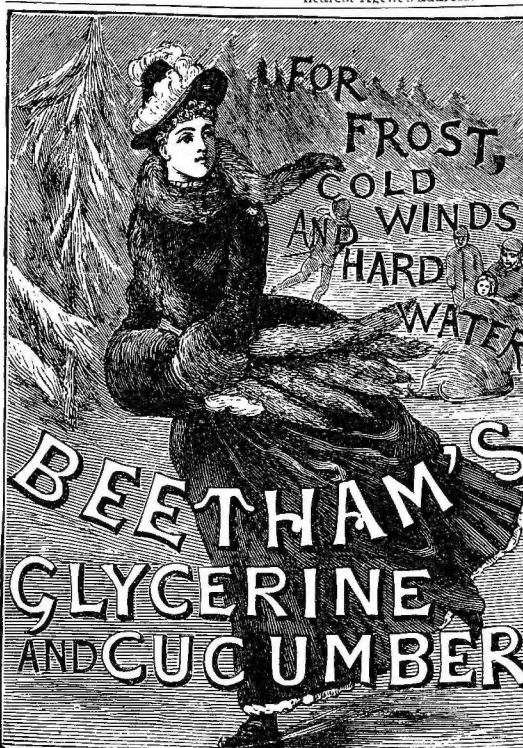
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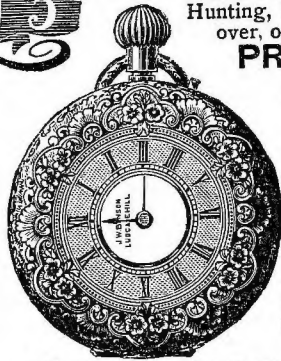
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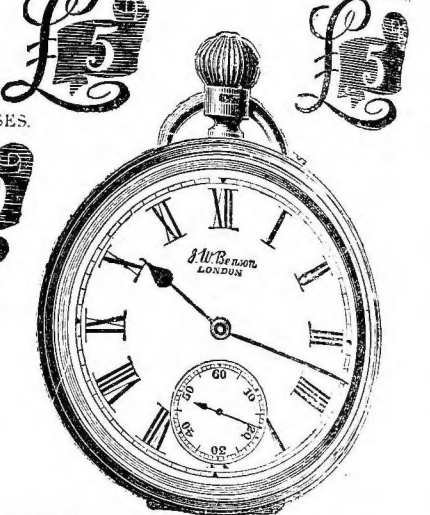
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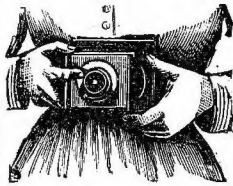
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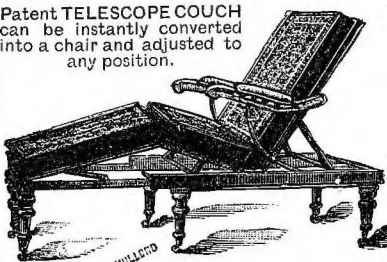
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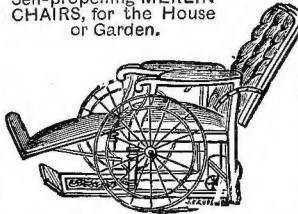


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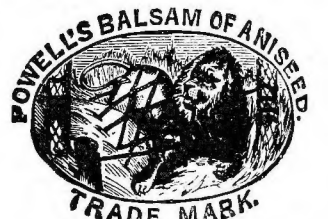
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